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UNDERSTANDING GERMANY

MAX EASTMAN

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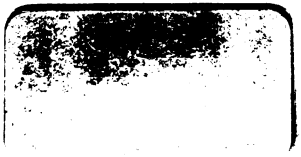

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY

MAX EASTMAN

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ENJOYMENT OF POETRY

CHILD OF THE AMAZONS AND OTHER POEMS

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY

THE ONLY WAY TO END WAR

AND OTHER ESSAYS

BY

MAX EASTMAN

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
PREFACE	ix

PART I

THE ANTI-GERMAN HATE	1
UNDERSTANDING GERMANY	44
ON CHARACTERIZING NATIONS	57
A NOTE ON NIETZSCHE	60
SOMETHING TO HATE	69

PART II

THE ONLY WAY TO END WAR	77
WHAT IS PATRIOTISM AND WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?	98
THE BUSINESS COST OF WAR	113
WAR PSYCHOLOGY AND INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM	122
PACIFISTS	138
TWO KINDS OF WAR	140
THE UNINTERESTING WAR, A NEWS STORY FROM EUROPE	144

PREFACE

TO me the latter half of this book is the more important. Any one with a habit of withdrawing once in a while from the current of newspaper emotion might have said a few sensible words about Germany. And that is all I think I have done. But what I have said about War and Patriotism may have a special value in that I do not myself feel patriotic to any country. My sense of solidarity seems to attach to the human race as a whole, or to those classes in every country who are struggling towards liberty. I can not, of course, forejudge what might happen to my emotions if the country in which I function as a citizen were threatened by hostile forces. The abstract probability is that I should rationalize my instinctive loyalty, and appear, as most of the internationalists of Europe did, with some

elaborate moral or metaphysical justification for being on my own side of the fight. I hope not. But however that may be, I can truthfully say up to the present moment that I am not a national patriot. My altruism, when it operates, is too generous to wish to love a group with any boundary lines around it; and my egotism is too arrant to identify itself with anything but itself. It seems to me, moreover, a kind of betrayal of the ideals of intelligence for a man to accept the accident of his birth and take his vision of the universe from the little valley where fortune dropped him. The man without a country is the only one who is able to think clearly and love truth no matter what occasions arise, and he is the man whose elevation I envy.

Perhaps this confession will give a special value of aloofness to my analysis of the emotions of patriotism, and my conclusions as to how they ought to be handled. I have brought to the task the equipment of a psychologist, and not of a student of poli-

tics or history. I must ask the forbearance of those who are learned in these sciences, and in my own science I must pay respects at every point to William McDougall (of the Allies) and Sigmund Freud (of the Central Empires).

MAX EASTMAN.

PART ONE

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY

THE ANTI-GERMAN HATE

WHEN there is a fight on, every one has an enemy. Our instinctive pugnacity is so strong. We can not even view a tennis-match, but our partisanship, taking its rise from the color of a shirt, grows hotter and more convinced with every crack at the ball. Neutrality may be possible to a few highly concentrated cerebrums, but to the general nervous system of mankind it is simply an alien condition. We were foredoomed to take sides.

And also we were foredoomed to hate. For it is the fashion of our nature, whenever any of its own precious desires are blocked, to flash into an angry response; and when the blockage of these desires is general and continual, that anger inevitably concentrates itself upon some object for the mere sake of relief.—And who is

there, whose desire or passionate hope has not somewhere been blocked by this catastrophe of universal war?

The truth is that even in times of tranquillity we are usually emptying our public venom upon some scapegoat. And we always have been. Professor J. G. Frazer, in the later volumes of his "Golden Bough," a book which is a treasure-house of true fairy-stories, has set forth how all tribes in history have found indispensable to their spiritual ease and well-being some standardized villain, upon whom they could dump the sins and the dammed-up malice of the day and go on their way rejoicing. And the incidents which gave rise to the choice of that scapegoat were always quite disproportionate to the burden of crime and odium which he carried away.*

* Periodically, Mr. Frazer tells us, in spring or at the beginning of the calendar year—as a kind of public New Year's resolution—the powers of a community would single out some person, object, animal or spirit, symbolically load upon his conspicuous shoulders all the ills of the tribe, and then (not symbolically) "beat him up," drown him, slide him down hill, run him over the border, or scatter his blood to the winds. And not only periodically, but also upon special occasions of misfortune—the incidence of war, plague, famine, domestic trouble in the royal family, and so forth—the same happy purgative was resorted to. It seemed easy and natural. Mr. Frazer is contented to interpret these customs, just in the

It is a pity Mr. Frazer's interest is so absorbed by the past and the primitive, for it would be interesting to compile a list of the notable scapegoats of modern society. In America especially, where the newspapers have made possible so wide a solidarity of feeling, we are always unanimously angry at something. A national scapegoat is one of the conventional properties of a newspaper office. A year or two ago it was the I. W. W. against whom all our rage was expended, both in general and upon the falling of any new calamity. To-day it is the "Emissaries of the Kaiser," "Teutonic spies," "Hyphenated Americans" within our borders; and in the world at large, an imaginary ogre called "Germany," upon whom the nation as a whole is entitled to

way they are narrated, as an effort to "transfer evil," or "misfortune," upon some one object or person, so that the tribe as a whole may be relieved. He calls them "an endless number of unamiable devices for palming off upon some one else the trouble which a man shrinks from bearing himself." But with a little admixture of modern psychology, it becomes simple to interpret them and understand their universal value, not so much as a transference of misfortune, but as a transference of the hate which misfortune engenders. It is not a mythical relief from bad luck, but a real relief from raging at bad luck that makes them so popular. Something has hurt us, and we want to "go out and lick somebody." And the more our culture denies us this privilege, compels us to repress these baby-rages into the unconscious, the more eagerly they burst through any vent which is still allowed.

spit as often as it wants to and feel relieved.

There are important causes why Germany, and not some other nation, became the object of this wartime hate. Let us weigh and count these causes. But let us first remember that it is a habit of our species to take sides and in times of trouble to unite in hating somebody, and that we are now in the most stupendous trouble that has befallen our species. We shall perhaps discover then that our hatred against Germany, though natural, is not rationally justified because its causes were, in a large sense, accidental.

I

GUILT AND INNOCENCE

THE first thing that directed our feeling against Germany was the conduct of her government after the war-threat arose. No one knows much about this. Those in a position to know are emotionally incapable of knowledge. But most of

us who are capable, have acquired a distinct impression that Germany was ready to fight, and England aching to avoid it, from the first note of trouble. France too wished to avoid fighting. And Russia seemed to try, although we have no certainty that she did not, as Berlin asserts, threaten with her mobilization first. I think the wisest Germans admit, however, that Germany was more ready to fight than the others. Only they do not stop with the admission; they proceed to tell us why. And after they have told us, if we listen with a liberal mind, we find ourselves acquiring a reasonable human sympathy toward their government without blinking the official reports of its diplomatic conduct.

The opinion this conduct gave rise to in America was that Germany, or her ruling classes at least, had "a chip on their shoulders." I think this is false to their mood. I do not believe that anybody, who is not subject to the anti-German obsession, can long continue in that belief. Granted that

their ruling-class is predominantly feudal —the war they would wage and that would be waged against them was not feudal, and they knew that. Few German princes had anything personal to gain in the devastation of Europe. It was loss from the beginning. And little as I esteem the conduct of human beings when they are in a position of supreme power, I am not able to imagine that the whole dominant class in Germany was inflated with a Pan-German military megalomania, to such an extent that they could not conceive a world-war to be something of the general hell it is. No, the responsible people in Germany, the people with national cares on them, were not in the mood of the chip-on-your-shoulder. That is a part of our phantasm. Their mood was that they were at bay.

A military nation diplomatically at bay, is what responsible Germany conceived herself to be in the period preceding the war. That is why she was so well prepared; that is why she was so touchy and unresponsive

to Minister Grey's overtures. Her "pugnacity centres" were inflamed, not as one who struts the fence, but as one who sees or conceives herself to be surrounded. We can not say to what extent she was justified in this, for we know next to nothing about European diplomacy—next to the nothing the diplomats know. But we can be sure that this was her mood.

Germany contributed the larger share of the immediate causes of war. But who contributed the larger share of the remote causes, the diplomatic conditions which brought Germany into that state of pugnacity? Is not this an important question? And yet the great book of British justification, "Ordeal by Battle," fails altogether to apprehend the existence of such a question. It merely assumes that the policies English nationalism was compelled to adopt for its own glory, were and are and always will be, not right indeed or wrong, but simply unquestionable. Upon the argument of that book alone, what it assumes and what it

so calmly fails to say, we might almost base the assertion that it is the British government that contributed the larger share of remote causes, of diplomatic conditions, to the engendering of a world war.

All nations have their stereotyped egotisms: we, our Monroe Doctrine—an astounding piece of sophomoric cheek; England, her "Mistress of the Seas" tradition, which but for its age and origin in a state of actual fact, would appear—what it is—a monumental swagger. Spain made the same swagger in her time, and Holland in hers. France too had her precocious dementia, her vision of forcing down the throats of Europe the one true and only liberty of man—under an emperor! But all nations fall from these grandiose attitudes, and all recover. England will have to recover from hers. And we, for our health and safety, will allow that Monroe Doctrine to grow up into an equal Union of the American Republics. Germany too has some de-

lusions to renounce—delusions of spirituality and superior brains I think.

But the point here is that this old, preposterous, self-assertion of England's *seemed* as preposterous to Germany as it really is, because Germany came on the scene late as a nation, and she was not accustomed to it. Germany ventured to assert the equal importance of her own grandiosity, not only in European politics, which were getting old-fashioned, but in world-politics, which seemed to be the politics of the future; and this not unreasonable assertion England met with suave, self-righteous, self-contented inflexible persistence in her old established purpose and habit. Her policy of remaining commander of the seas, and commander of the commerce of the world, and of holding at any cost the balance of power in Europe, involved the strengthening of France and Russia, and her alliance with them, to the detriment of Germany. This therefore was the general tenor of her foreign policy.

All of which I learn from a British book —a book which establishes in an absolutely convincing manner the guilt of Germany and the innocence of England, because it never allows the preposterous assumptions of British diplomacy to become a subject of question.* Perhaps no British statesman ever said that Germany must not be allowed to become an equal power in the world with England, whether she naturally would become so or not. But what British statesmen ever failed to feel it? The newly asserted *equality* of Germany, against the traditionally assumed *superiority* of England, is what gave rise to the appearance of a more than usual megalomania in the German foreign policy. And the suave and self-righteous blow England directed against the equal status of Germany among world powers in the Agadir incident, was, as much as any act of any nation at any time, a cause of the present war. That is what is meant by the statement that while Ger-

* "Ordeal by Battle," by F. S. Oliver. Macmillan.

many supplied most of the immediate causation, England supplied most of the remote. Both their megalomanias were extreme enough to generate war. And though our superficial indignation inevitably arose against the one we saw strike the first blow, there was no durable reason in that for directing the volume of our hatred against Germany.

II

BELGIUM

HER manner of initiating war was the second cause that turned us against Germany. She invaded France on a plea that Russia was invading her. And to the general American public this appeared altogether monstrous. Her violation of Belgian neutrality only completed the impression this had already given of wanton aggression. We saw Germany suddenly convulsed, and laying about her in all directions like a maniac, and this vision pre-

pared us for the one-sided stories of atrocities and horrors which soon came along, through the news-service of the Allies, to convince us that Germans are not human beings at all, but "Huns" and "Northern Barbarians."

Now the invasion of France, on the occasion of war with Russia, was not wanton —as it appeared to those unacquainted with the diplomatic map—but merely good military tactics. For France and Russia were one nation in the case of war with Germany. This was a general truth; and moreover, as the official papers showed, the French ambassador had specifically confirmed it, promising, before any hostilities began, unconditional military support to Russia. So our impression in this matter was wrong.

The invasion of Belgium, after she had refused passage to the German troops, was not an unusual act in war. The thing that was unusual at that time was war. And that is why this act seemed so horrible. Here

is the news item of a similar act two years after the war began:

"The only available railway route is the Peloponnesian line via Athens. The Allies decided to use this railway for the transportation of the Serbs, disembarking at Patras, but the Greek Government is offering strong opposition to the scheme. Premier Skouloudis has flatly refused to give his official consent, whereupon he was informed that Greek official sanction was immaterial and the Allies would not permit Greek opposition to interfere with their plan of operations."

This item is printed at the bottom of a news column of the *New York Times;* it does not even provoke a head-line. And yet in its essentials it is the same act—invading a neutral country the better to carry on war against an enemy. Violations of neutrality are no more exciting now than the going down of ships—because we have grown accustomed to the habits of war.

Belgium is more near to us than Greece,

near to the pathways of pleasure and profit which we have long regarded as our own to walk in, and this also increased our sensitiveness to her rights. In short, what made the invasion of Belgium more atrocious to us than war simply as war, was its position in time and space. And this atrocity was of course illumined with horror by the fact that Belgium stood up against her invaders, adding heroic deeds and blood and misery to her political humiliation. That was enough for the emotional moralists. All the righteous indignation that should have been launched against war and the causes of war was launched against "Germany," because her generals were trained in the contemplation of war with an implacable candor that enabled them to wage war as it is, without waiting until they or the world got used to it.

Whether the raw and brutal frankness of the German leaders, or the refined and tactful casuistry of the British, is the superior trait, is a point too fine for my code.

I am willing to let Greece and Belgium stand together, as they will stand in history, monuments of the ruthless logic of war.

III

ATROCITIES

GERMANY is full of stories of atrocities—atrocities committed by English, French, Russian, Serbian soldiers. And I suppose they are all true, for the reason that all these nations are human. I imagine that in the midst of battle, those amenities of culture with which men have adorned themselves have little influence upon their acts. Their behavior is instinctive rather than cultural. And average instinctive behavior is the same in the same races. It is possible that individuals of somewhat more cruel hardness have been elevated to command in the more consciously military nation; and it is possible that the rigid discipline of the German private leaves him with less com-

mand of himself when he is on the loose. What is not possible, however, is that a "German race" (which does not exist) is bestial and barbarous by comparison with a "British race" (which does not exist).

All these reverend one-eyed commissions of investigation have established beyond a shadow of doubt that German soldiers committed atrocities. But have they established that Allied soldiers did not? How foolish are the little children that public men become in time of war! The atrocities of English troops in South Africa a little time ago were the stench of the world. The behavior of our "boys" in the Philippines was incredible to our pride. Ever since the ideal of human kindness extending beyond the tribe got hold of man's mind, it has been used in wartime to condemn the enemy and his friends as brutal. We have no worse opinion of the Kaiser than the South had of Sherman. A friend of mine visiting in Charleston only last month happened to mention at dinner the name of that gen-

eral, and one of the guests arose and left the table and the house, explaining to his hostess that he could not remain in a place where that name was spoken.

The best thing General Sherman did was to tell the truth about war after he got through waging it. The Germans told the truth before they began. And this is the worst indictment that Mr. Oliver brings against them. He says:

"I have not occupied myself with what are termed 'German atrocities.' So far as this matter is concerned, I am satisfied to let it rest for the present upon the German statement of intentions before war began, and upon the proclamations which have been issued subsequently." He then quotes these sentences from the German War Book issued by the General Staff:

"A war conducted with energy can not be directed merely against the combatants of the enemy State and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual and

material resources of the latter. Humanitarian claims such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit.

"International Law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy. . . . The necessary aim of war gives the belligerent the right and imposes on him the duty, according to circumstances, the duty not to let slip the important, it may be the decisive advantages, to be gained by such means."

Now if those words were incorporated in an abstract treatise upon war, every one in the civilized world would regard them as an understatement of the truth. As "Lessons from the Occupation of Atlanta and the March to the Sea," they would have to be extended a little in places. As a press story from South Africa during the Boer War they would be inadequate and vague. But in the form of general statements of

truth in a War Book, Mr. Oliver finds them "criminal." *

It may indeed be a step forward to feel, as English and American people seem to do, the necessity of lying to themselves about what they do when they go to war; but it is not one of those long evolutionary steps, like ceasing to do it. Let us not make that mistake. If the German invasion was any more attended with atrocity than an invasion by the Allies would be, it was not enough more to warrant our making it in the slightest degree a point of judgment between the nations.

IV

THE LUSITANIA

NONE of these factors, indeed—the immediate initiation of a war whose principal causes were not immediate; the

* Persons who like to exclaim over the atrocities of other nationalities, will find some nice ones recorded of our Civil War soldiers by Walt Whitman in his "Specimen Days," or they will find helpful reading in *The Crisis* which records the picturesque lynchings which characterize our own precious "nationality" in

ruthlessly warlike manner of its initiation; the inevitable atrocities—none of these were adequate points of judgment against a nation. But with the help of Theodore Roosevelt, whose talent for hatred and ordinary vituperation is celebrated, and with the help of that suborner of prejudice, the American press, these factors had raised our anger against Germany long before the *Lusitania* went down. And after that happened the fixation was complete. It seemed that hardly a handful of neutrals was left in the United States who could see and state the aspect which that event will have in history.

History will have to begin by a recital of England's perpetration of a blockade policy against Germany, which openly violated the rules of international law, and her boast that this policy would reduce Germany to submission. History will not trouble to condemn this policy, which was but a forceful employment by England of the strongest

times of complete peace. The average number of people lynched in this country since 1885 is one every four days.

weapon she had—her navy. History knows that international law is abrogated in every war where obedience to it means defeat.* But after this policy of England's has been recorded, the record of Germany's retaliating with the only naval weapon she had left—the submarine—and this also in violation of international law, will not seem outrageous. History will be aware that under the same circumstances England or America would have done the same thing, and, like Germany, would have regarded a formal extension of the war-zone as a sufficient warning to travelling neutrals. It would have been a sufficient warning to sympathetic neutrals. Even to the American public, indeed, that declaration by Germany, in its abstract form, did not seem very terrible. We thought of merchant crews and inconspicuous travellers on freight-boats as having to "take their chances." We were still

* Mr. H. Sidebothom in a volume of articles by British authors, called "Towards a Lasting Settlement," makes the extremest effort to convict Germany of the first violation of maritime law; but even he has to acknowledge that England had abrogated the rights guaranteed to neutrals "in ONE particular."

too innocent of war's reality to imagine it could apply to saloon passengers who had paid their fare on the great Atlantic liners. Their voyages were like the rotation of the earth, established of God. To blow them up would not be war—it would be sacrilege and horror! Such was our innocence—as though war itself were not sacrilege and horror.

But the German leaders were lacking in a certain delicacy of feeling, a certain finesse, which is not unconnected with sympathetic understanding of others nor yet unconnected with a prudent self-regard. If they had possessed that quality, which they might indeed have acquired after living so long in the neighborhood of France, they would not have tried to carry the logic of war to such an extreme. It was a blunder to sink the *Lusitania*—a blunder not difficult perhaps to justify in a purely rational manner. War being essentially a competition in murder, having certain traditional rules that are supposed to regulate the competition, and these rules having been broken by England's

starvation policy, Germany announces that in a certain zone they are suspended, and the murder of British people will be more general. She expects us, since we have allowed England to break those rules at our expense, to allow her a like privilege. She expects us to stay on our own boats, so that she can fight England to the limit with her only free weapon on the sea. We remain incredulous, and on the whole indifferent, until she carries her resolution to the extreme; the inconceivable happens; our most eminent and respectable citizens get blown up and sunk for their disregard of Germany's warning. Then we become intolerant, horrified, righteously indignant, ready to go to war, if reparation and apology are not forthcoming. A perfectly natural and human and altogether inevitable reaction on our part, which the German leaders would have known enough to expect, if they had had that habit of entering into the minds of others, which makes the Southern peoples so much more adroit.

The sinking of the *Lusitania* was "reasonable" enough, and it was not more inhuman than many outrages in the history of other wars. England has committed *Lusitania*-sized atrocities. England's forcing a drug habit upon the Chinese nation at the point of the bayonet is one of the blackest atrocities of modern times. But England commits these brutalities for the most part in remote places, or upon socially negligible classes of people. We can not escape the opinion that a certain *savoir faire* would stay the hand of a British commander from sinking our American aristocrats on the Atlantic. Or if it would not stay *his* hand, at least there would be some Cabinet official or some influential private person providentially on hand, to prevent his doing it.

We may be wrong, but we have a feeling that anything so gauche and uncomprehending as the sinking of the *Lusitania,* and the notes that followed it, however logical, would simply be "not done" by the ruling

classes of England. They are not more humane; they merely know better.

Here, then, is a difference between "Germany" and "England" which, if properly defined, may actually be found to exist. It does not attribute an imaginary heredity to an imaginary "race" of Teutons; it merely asserts a cultural characteristic which the German classes seem to have developed, and which in certain carefully chosen terms they are willing to admit they have developed. They call it being "absorbed with the essence of things to the detriment of form." * Suppose we permit ourselves to call it transcendental sophomoric egotism and contrast it with the egotism of England's classes, which is more matter-of-fact and more mature. We shall see, I think, that even the sinking of the *Lusitania* is not a reasonable occasion for directing our single hatred against Germany. We might be aroused to that degree against a peculiar barbarism in any nation, but against a peculiarly tactless

* Professor Otto Hintze, of the University of Berlin, in "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War."

blunder in the general business of barbarism we can hardly maintain a permanent national hatred.

V

NATIONALISTIC BIGOTRY

IT may appear superfluous to explain all these points about Germany, the explanation being only a detailed statement of what we all knew before the war, that Germany is a nation of people like ourselves. They have the same racial development, and are composed of much the same races as we, and any average differences they reveal must necessarily be superficial and a result of their circumstances. That is all that needed to be said. However, a little exercise in seeing those incidents as the Germans see them will do no harm to our own egotism. It may prepare us to acknowledge just what it is in this business against which we ought to direct our hatred.

It is not Germany that initiates war, that

violates neutrality, that commits atrocities, and murders our hopes for the world. Germany has merely done these things with exceptional skill and concentration. What has enabled her to do them, and what has enabled the other nations to emulate her, is the militant nationalism of the people. The causes of war are innumerable, but the underlying condition without which, no matter what causes arose, wars could neither begin nor continue, is that egregious fighting identification of self with a nation, which is neither German nor English (nor even Irish) but a general human attribute. This is the thing that we ought to be hating; instead we are cultivating it in ourselves by hating another nation.

It might be maintained, indeed, that Germany is the most afflicted with nationalism of all the countries, and that we ought for that very reason—even from the standpoint of internationalism—to range ourselves against her and wish for her defeat. Much that is said by the Germans in praise of

themseves makes us feel that we ought. They not only praise their nation in a fulsome fashion, which provokes the disgust we feel toward an individual prig, but they praise it for exactly that quality, devoted admiration of itself, which is the essence of priggishness.

A book about Germany which I have been reading lately was written jointly by a large number of her distinguished public men and scholars. It is a book of self-defense and appreciation in the face of calumny.* It has been translated and published under the title, "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War," and I wish every one in America might read it. It gives very strong support to the opinion that German people are human beings, just as they used to be; but it also reveals, in many chapters, that assertive national egotism which is characteristic of the adolescence of this new empire.

* "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War," by various German writers. Translated by William Wallace Whitelock, Ph.D. 624 pages. Mitchell Kennerley.

Germany's nationalism is more blatant than that of France or England, and the casuistries into which these serious professors are led by their determination to attribute all virtues to the fatherland—even virtues that are exactly opposite, such as youthfulness and venerable age—are more obvious. They are more ludicrous than the casuistries of England's nationalistic books. Some of these writers seem to be unable even to mention an abstract virtue without prefixing the word "German" to it. "German strength," "German thoroughness," "German honesty"—would not any grown-up person have more tact than to fill with such expressions an article which he was addressing to people of other nationalities? This fatuous self-adoration is too raw to exasperate—one simply lumps it as an ailment which he must ignore if he is to enter into the truth of the book.

Here, for instance, is Professor Ernst Troeltsch, of the University of Berlin,

speaking of music as exemplifying the spirit of German culture:

"In it is voiced, in a manner most appealing to us, all that is unutterable and inexpressible in the German character, simplicity and heroism, mirth and melancholy, faith and doubt, empirical knowledge and intuition."

We are embarrassed by so ingenuous a display of sentimental egotism. We are embarrassed and yet we have to laugh. We expect an article by the Professor of physiology celebrating joints and tendons, muscle and grey matter, liver and lights, as the peculiar wonders of the German anatomy.

However, this is but an extreme manifestation of a universal human weakness. Self-love flourishes at the core of human nature, and our gracious culture continually represses it. Patriotism lets it gush out in a disguised form. Patriotism shows us how to identify ourselves with a nation, and then adore ourselves under the plausible guise of an altruistic passion. That is the ex-

planation of these fatuous casuistries, and of the peculiar disgust they evoke in one who identifies himself with a different nation, or with none. They are not peculiar to Germany; the peculiar thing is the crude and arrant manner of their Germanic expression.

In England their expression is usually, though not always, a little more subtle. In Professor Cramb's description of the spirit of English imperialism in the nineteenth century we find exactly the same mode of speech, and but for the fact that praise of England is nearer to praise of ourselves, we should have the same disgust for it.

"To give all men within its bounds an English mind; to give all who come within its sway the power to look at the things of man's life, at the past, at the future, from the standpoint of an Englishman; to diffuse within its bounds that high tolerance in religion which has marked this empire from its foundation; that reverence yet boldness before the mysteriousness of life and death

characteristic of our great poets and our great thinkers; that love of free institutions, that pursuit of an ever-higher justice and a larger freedom which, rightly or wrongly, we associate with the temper and character of our race wherever it is dominant and secure."

Nothing could be more disgusting in an individual than for him to lift up his voice in the public square and announce that he has the de luxe temper of mind, and is about to proceed to impose it upon the whole town; nothing is more disgusting in a nation, to him who can rightly estimate the motives of nationalism.

Mr. F. S. Oliver speaks of "the British Race" with a reverence one gives only to God and oneself.* And his description of England's imperialism, in a different way, is even more repellent than Professor Cramb's.

"Britain," he says, "like Rome before her,

* "The British Race," like the "German Race," is a phantasy of the brains of those whose egotism will not let them acknowledge that they simply belong to a group of people whose composition was determined by the accidents of history. See note, page 45.

built up her empire piecemeal; for the most part reluctantly; always reckoning up the cost, labor, and burden of it; hating the responsibility of expansion, and shouldering it only when there seemed to be no other course open to her in honor and safety."

That passes anything that can be called by so tolerant a name as casuistry. It is one of those bland, unconscious hypocrisies by which the English government has always made England's gains appear generous, her murders dutiful, her tyrannies just. And the emotional force of it is self-love—just as quivering a sentimentality when once stripped of its perfect assurance as that of the German nationalist.

"If I should die," said Rupert Brooke on his way to the Dardanelles,

"Think only this of me,
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed."

For which egregious sentiment he will be

honored in England long after the rest of his poetry is forgotten.

It might be hoped that in America, where so many old-world nationalisms have been imported, and observed to evaporate into the nothing that they are, we should have arrived at a more cultivated knowledge of ourselves. And if there is, indeed, any special praise due to America among the nations, it will lie in that. Her hyphenated citizens are the best thing she has; for they have been given a celebrated opportunity to become men instead of Americans, intelligent instead of patriotic. Perhaps a few of them have; but the signs are wanting in this country of any general transcending of the bigotry of nations.

The truth is that the roots of this disposition lie deeper than anything we learn, and the most we can hope from the teaching of a new environment is that it may allow this inevitable weakness to remain unexaggerated. It may be that fewer of our citizens are arrant nationalists than of Eng-

land's citizens. It may be that fewer of England's than of Germany's are so. The history of these countries leads us to expect it. But these differences, if they exist, are all too faint and superficial to be made a ground for wishing the downfall or defeat of any country.

In fact, either a victory or a defeat is the thing that will inflame the patriotic bigotry of whatever country suffers it. We need not say which of these two is the greater misfortune. So far as concerns the hope of reducing nationalism, and bringing forward the day of European union, we can wish for nothing better than a sombre disillusionment of all the belligerent nations. We can wish that no gains be recorded and no indemnities imposed, that these nations shall have to drag their way back to health and reason, each with no consolation, no glory, and no prize. Let them be defeated by war, and let them fear the victor.

VI

THE MENACE OF DESPOTISM

TO those who love liberty and individual life, there is a count against Germany in her political institutions which can not be argued away. Even the potent fumes of German metaphysics can not put us asleep to the fact that the German state is a monster. It is a union of the absolute autocracy of a feudal caste with that high industrial and technical and social-reform development which belongs to the modern world. Such a monster is far more horrible to contemplate, and far more sombre to the hope of universal liberty, than is the natural autocracy of a generally undeveloped country like Russia. The revolutionary movement in Russia gives promise that before she reaches the stage of industrial efficiency which Germany has reached, her political institutions will be so altered that she can not obstruct the progress of liberty with the full

power of science. At least she is not doing that now, and Germany remains for that reason eminent among all nations as the bulwark of monarchism.

Her professors will patiently explain to us that we are mistaken in this matter. We do not quite understand "transcendental government"! Our failure of understanding seems to result, says Dr. Hans Luther, City Councillor of Berlin,* "from the conviction that the democratic form of government is the only one that gives citizens the proper influence on the destinies of the state. This is a confusion between form and substance. The important question is the realization of the state as a corporate entity in which the individual lives in freedom and can assert himself. By what means this goal is to be reached is a question of form. . . ."

Dr. Hans Luther will have to forgive us, then, if quite apart from any feeling of nationalism or military hostility whatever, we declare that this particular question of form

* In "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War," p. 218.

is to us the paramount question. And the more the German professors are willing to rationalize autocracy into a metaphysical kind of liberty, and the more the German patriots are willing to explain that the German simply happens to *like* order and duty and discipline, as we like liberty and responsibility and individual assertion, the more determined is our conviction that the backwardness of Germany's political evolution is the tragedy of Europe.

For the tendency to make a virtue of necessity is universal, and we are certain that the professors and their pupils of Germany do not "like" feudal government any more than the professors and their pupils of England and France "liked" it, when they had it. We understand their liking it perfectly well; we understand their calling it "transcendental government." It is in fact their liking it and calling it pet names, rather than the mere existence of it, which makes it so dangerous a menace to our hopes. That this monarchic military state, and all the

emotions and ideologies of the heart and mind which inevitably attach to it, should be rooted up and overthrown in Germany, is the dear wish of every internationalist who loves liberty.

Upon this wish alone a great many of us, who have no nationalism, based our prayer, at the outbreak of the war, that Germany might be signally defeated. "The German people," we said, "are now held fast under the heel of militarism—more solidly and consentingly held there than any other people of Europe. That feudal and absolute military oppression, linked fast with cultural and scientific and social reform progress of the highest type, is the most abominable monster in Europe. And it is the only monster that will surely be slain by a victory of its enemies. That is why we advocate the arms of the Allies, though we have no patriotism but our love of liberty, and no faith that Russia is fighting in the battle of democracy, and no delusion

that England and France are the sole repositories of culture and altruism."*

But the war has taught us some things. It has taught us that national patriotism is a stronger force than we had ever dreamed. We learned, when our socialist reporters went to Germany, that only four or five hundred thousand of the German Socialists were against the Kaiser's war when it began; that between instinctive patriotism and compulsory enlistment the revolutionary group was utterly broken; that Karl Liebknecht, their leader and hero, although a member of the Reichstag, had been compelled to don a uniform and go to the front to perform menial services for officers of the army. We learned what terrible power a crisis of nationalism gives into the hands of government. And so we have been brought, some of us, to believe that the crushing of Germany, as well as a German victory, would oppose an obstacle to the progress of her revolution.

* Editorial in *The Masses*, October, 1914.

For German defeat would mean another crisis of nationalism. Injured self-esteem is as absorbing to the heart as exultant vanity. Every German would be a patriot if Germany were invaded; Liebknecht himself would be fighting—or unheard of. The best blessing we can invoke upon him now is that too many of the youth who will follow his leadership may not be slain, and that he may have at the war's end a nation filled with a sense of failure to achieve, but not inflamed with the mortification of defeat.

It is no more certain that Germany owes her political forms (and the minds of her professors who defend them) to historic circumstance, than it is certain that the new circumstances—her commercial and industrial development of forty years—will give her new political forms. It has been a surprise to see how many Socialists, trained in the economic interpretation of political things, have fallen into the ignorant epidemic of fear lest Germany should impose "autocracy" on all the democratic countries.

They seem to have forgotten all about the forces that gave us democracy, and guarantee it to us, and will give Germany democracy as surely as they gave it to us. I have heard a Socialist candidate for high office seriously discuss the possibility of a German sentry standing guard at the doors of our houses for the rest of our lives. It seems to me there are times when those impersonal doctrines of historic evolution which Marx bequeathed to the revolutionary movement, are too frigid to be used. But in a time of patriotic wars, when every mind is besieged by some mania parading as an idealism, a breath of their cool atmosphere ought to be kept blowing all the time.

The forces that bring liberty are at work in Germany as elsewhere in the world, and her imperial despotism will rot within its own heart and fall. We can only lend our aid to those slow forces. And the best aid we can lend is to take out of their way this obstacle, whose power is new to our knowledge—exalted nationalism. If any side

must conquer, perhaps we are warranted in hoping as democrats that it may be the Allies. But our greater hope should be that a vast pall of equable failure—the disillusionment of patriotism—may descend all over Europe at the war's end. For in that shadow revolutionary things may be accomplished.

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY

PERHAPS the most important thing we can do in America at this moment is to understand Germany. Most Americans, who are not of German birth, desire the defeat of the Kaiser's arms. And they desire this because they love liberty, and the majority of the German people do not seem to love it. They submit themselves devotedly to an imperial master, and they live in an atmosphere of negative commandments under the rule of a feudal caste. We dread lest their victory should mean the spreading of that atmosphere and that way of living over the world.

It is not to be doubted, however, that the babies of Germany are born with as strong a love of liberty as the babies of Anglo-Saxondom. They are not of a different

race.* What we call races, in our loose conversation and journalism, are not races at all, but merely groups of people who live under certain traditional ideas. And the people who live under German ideas have the same native desire to feel free that we have.

Luther is worshipped in Germany as the

* This fact is a commonplace of anthropology. Mr. W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard, in "The Races of Europe," speaks the authoritative word of science on this subject. And his important book is recommended to the reader.

Based upon Ripley's work, the first note in the appendix of Thorstein Veblen's "Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution," demolishes utterly the claim of either Germany or England to a single or unique race. It is the profoundest brief treatise upon race in relation to the war. I quote his conclusion:

"Whether the matter is taken from the side of current everyday observation or from that of European race-history, the outcome appears to be the same: there is no hereditary difference between, *e. g.*, the British, the German and the Slavic population—say of Great Russia—when these are considered as aggregates. Each varies by wider differences within itself than the average difference between one and another."

It is one of our most serious popular errors to confuse the boundaries of a racial heredity with the boundaries of a nation or a spoken language. And for a further authority against it, I quote these paragraphs from Franz Boas, Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University:

"In our imagination the local racial types of Europe have been identified with the modern nations, and thus the supposed hereditary characteristics of the races have been confused with national characteristics. In vain, sober scientific thought has remonstrated against this identification.

"In western Europe types are distributed in strata that follow one another from north to south—in the north the blond, in the center a dark, short-headed type, in the south the slightly built Mediterranean type.

"National boundaries in central Europe, on the other hand, run north and south, and so we find the northern French, Belgian, Hollander, German, and Russian to be about the same in type and descent; the central French, south German, Swiss, north Italian, Austrian, Servian, and central Russian to be all the same variety of man, and the southern French to be closely related to the types of the eastern and western Mediterranean area."

champion of liberty for the individual conscience against the dictates of the Roman Church. Goethe's *Faust* is the classic of the mind's liberation from dogmatic scholarship. Kant's philosophy is a monumental apparatus for establishing "God, freedom and immortality" in the face of mathematical law and the causal determinism of modern science. Schiller's "Hymn to Liberty" is almost a domestic song. Heine cast loose from every bond that he could think of in his day. And Nietzsche thought of more. He cast loose from the bond of Christian ethics. There is no fuller record of the ideal love of liberty than is furnished by these heroes of Germany's culture. And until we feel ourselves kindred to the Germans in this deep impulse, we shall not understand them.

When a man loves a woman, and he can not have her in the fashion of the flesh, he becomes so much the more enamored of her spirit, and builds up a little universe of ideal and emotional experience in which she

is the queen. It was so that Dante loved Beatrice. It was so that the medieval saints loved the Mother of God. It is so that the Germans love liberty.

Through accident or the caprice of history, and not through any quality of their nature, the German people have issued into the new age, with the bonds of feudalism still on them. Because the King of Prussia had a domain of his own, and did not depend upon them for money support, his barons never united in handing him a Magna Charta.* Because commerce and the industrial arts were so late to flourish there, the *bourgeois* wealth of Prussia never yet marshalled the common people in one of those democratic revolutions that altered the face of politics in England and France. In order to survive the European wars of conquest, it became imperative for the freer states, and the republican cities, with-

* Dr. Ernst Flagg Henderson, author of "A Short History of Germany," criticizing Frederic Howe, who was my authority for this statement, declares that "the crown lands were taken over by the Prussian state, although a part of the revenues from them goes to pay the King's civil list." I mention this correction for the sake of accuracy, though it does not affect my argument.

in German territory to unite under Prussia as under an imperial power. For such reasons as these it happened that all those north European kindred of ours, with their emotional love of liberty, became patriotic members of an empire which subjects them to its own ends, the ends of a feudal nobility in Prussia.

Is it not natural that a people who love liberty as we do, and yet are induced by the accidents of their evolution to pay honor of devotion to such a government, should manufacture their liberty in an ideal world of the spirit? And having manufactured, must they not inevitably overassert its glories? It seems to me quaintly characteristic of all human nature that these people, dwelling beside us under a feudal authority, should suggest to themselves that the intense spirituality of their freedom is the mark of a superior race. There was never a disappointed lover who did not congratulate his soul upon its soulfulness. There was never a consecrated saint

who escaped entirely the mood of self-righteousness. It is by such analogies that we in America can understand the zeal with which patriotic subjects of an emperor march out to death believing that they defend a freedom of the soul of man which is the unique heritage of their "race."

The master expression of the German attitude to life is the philosophy of Emanuel Kant, expounded in two books, the detailed understanding of which is in itself a liberal profession. John Dewey, in his "German Philosophy and Politics," says: "It is a precarious undertaking to single out some one thing in German philosophy as of typical importance in understanding German national life. Yet I am committed to the venture. My conviction is that we have its root idea in the doctrine of Kant concerning the two realms, one outer, physical and necessary, the other inner, ideal and free.*

* John Dewey's assertion is supported by a recent statement of Dr. Ernst Troetsch of the University of Berlin. In "Modern Germany in Relation to the Great War," he says: "German philosophy was created by Leibniz and Kant. . . . Their spirit has acted on clas-

To this we must add that, in spite of their separateness and independence, the primacy always lies with the inner. As compared with this, the philosophy of a Nietzsche, to which so many resort at the present time for explanation of what seems to them otherwise inexplicable, is but a superficial and transitory wave of opinion. Surely the chief mark of distinctively German civilization is its combination of *self-conscious idealism* with unsurpassed *technical efficiency* and organization in the varied fields of action."

This statement of the heart of German

sical German literature and poetry, and in conjunction with these it laid the foundation of German idealism, which once more to-day after many fluctuations dominates German philosophy and has done more inwardly to form and strengthen German youth than anything else within the last twenty years. . . German idealism up to the present may be said to have set itself the task of combining with the mechanical concept of nature, the full appreciation of the moral, religious and artistic spirit, and the assertion of freedom."

More specifically he declares that "German freedom came into being according to Kant's conception of it, as the freedom of spontaneous recognition of duty and right."

To be free, in short, is to be so accommodating as to *desire* to do what you have to do. This elaborate sentimental sophism of Kant's was indeed born in Germany, but it has been imported and found useful as a political soporific in every corner of the globe. You will see it in bold marble letters over the courthouse as your train passes through Cleveland, Ohio—

"OBEDIENCE TO LAW IS LIBERTY"

Pitiful attempt of the weakness of man to get happiness out of a hard world by juggling nouns in his brain.

philosophy, with the rest that is to be found in John Dewey's little book, greatly extends our understanding of Germany. It enables us clearly to recognize that German people have the same instinctive nature that we have. It tells us by what mighty edifices of intellectuality and art they have sought to satisfy that nature. And if we enter these structures with sympathy, we can see how easily we too should have become laboriously soulful in our attainment of the feeling of freedom, if we had not been blessed with that little modicum of "civil liberty" upon which we have so long exercised our love. For this subtle interior device by which the mind compensates with a theory when the body is disappointed of a fact, is not peculiar to any people. It is a universal trick of man's nature. It is the key to most systems of philosophy.

There is another theory, too, and another fact which helps the people of Germany to enjoy their kind of freedom. The theory is

that the state is a good in itself, more important than the destiny of any number of individuals. The state is created by the individuals using themselves as material, and the very best thing that can befall an individual is to become the material of a noble and harmonious state. And this theory has been so well employed by the ruling classes in Prussia, that almost any German who is not a revolutionist will tell you, as Professor Münsterberg does, that he *is* absolutely and really free, but he chooses in his freedom to make the aims of the state paramount to his own.

A professor in a German university, who is very fond of ultra-modern music, refrained from attending a celebrated opera because his emperor (emperor of his university) had withheld approval from it. He attended the opera in Paris. But he was eager to explain to the Parisians that in not attending in Berlin he was acting as a free agent who loved the ideal of an ordered state.

We need not imagine that this ideal would be so much loved in Germany, however, if the state were not exceedingly *well* ordered. And that is the material fact, which makes all these rather insubstantial ideals acceptable to so many. The ruling caste in Germany have known how not only to preach the theory of well-being in a disciplined state—every ruling caste has done that—but they have been wise enough actually to produce a little of the well-being. And that is the triumph they are celebrating now. The masses of the people are better off in Germany than they are anywhere else. The government is authoritative, but also it is social. As Frederic C. Howe says of the worker:

"His education, his health, and his working efficiency are matters of constant concern. He is carefully protected from accident by laws and regulations governing factories. He is trained in his hand and in his brain to be a good workman and is insured against accident, sickness, and old age.

When idle through no fault of his own, work is frequently found for him. When homeless, a lodging is offered so that he will not easily pass to the vagrant class. When sick, he is cared for in wonderful convalescent homes, tuberculosis hospitals, and farm colonies. When old age removes him from the mill or the factory, a pension awaits him."

And this policy of the German state has been knowingly adopted by its rulers, in order to deaden the demand of hundreds of thousands of their people for a more realistic liberty. This quotation of a speech from the throne is significant.

"His Majesty hopes that the measure [accident insurance] will in principle receive the assent of the federal governments, and that it will be welcomed by the Reichstag as a complement of the legislation affording protection against Social-Democratic movements."

Whether this people continue to conquer or come finally to the end of their power, they have already demonstrated their su-

perior energy and capability in united action. They have taught the value of popular welfare insured by a centralized government to those who wish to rule in any country. Care for your people if you want them to fight. Care for them if you want them to work. It pays. That is a policy of German culture that will become the common heritage of the world, whatever way the war goes. That policy not only the Social-Democrats in Germany, but the lovers of real liberty in all countries, will have to meet and understand. They will have to find a way to transcend that.

It is not beyond possibility that, with a sufficient advance in material welfare, the masses of the people in our own country might be led to accept a liberty that was merely political form and historic emotion. There are signs that this may be the fate of our boasted freedom of man, that it may become as insubstantial in its way as that "spiritual" freedom which Kant taught the Germans how to believe in. We have to re-

member that the true freedom, and the true independence, is economic; and such independence for the masses is not yet established in any country. It is our task for the future. We have to construct a genuinely free society out of the confluence of that *state-socialism attended by paternal discipline,* which is the political contribution of Germany to the world, and that *individualistic capitalism attended by want and misery,* which is the contribution of England. For this reason it behooves us to understand Germany.

ON CHARACTERIZING NATIONS

IN conversation and newspaper philosophy we speak of nations as though they were individual people.

"The English are hypocritical," we say.

"The Germans are brutal."

"England is self-righteous."

"Germany is sentimental."

We seriously argue such propositions; and we attach to the collective name of millions of individuals, having every kind and degree of human character among them, emotions which properly pertain to a particular individual of a particular character. The result of this is that our newspapers and our conversation contain almost no cogent reasoning or valid feeling on the subject of nationality.

When I say that "England is self-righteous," three genuine meanings are possible.

I may mean to characterize the public policy and utterances of the present British government. That is a definite and somewhat solidary group, which at least acts as an individual, and can be so characterized. But the inferences that can be drawn from such a characterization are quite limited.

Or I may mean that *a greater number of people* in England are self-righteous than in other countries. In that case I ought to spend my thoughts deciding how many and what particular classes of people; and in this process I should find that much of the glibness, if not all of the certainty, had evaporated out of my remark. I should no longer have any fun making it!

Or finally I might mean that the people in England who *are* self-righteous, are *more* self-righteous than the people who are self-righteous in other countries. And that is so complicated and difficult a quantitative proposition to handle that I should probably give up the attempt before I had drawn any very passionate conclusions.

No more quieting counsel can be given the excited nationalist of any country, than to ask him to be very sure that everything he says means something.

A NOTE ON NIETZSCHE

NO person is to blame for the fighting character of our civilization, or for this war which is its natural child. But few people have enough fortitude to face a disaster without the solace of cursing somebody, and in the present disaster Friedrich Nietzsche has been chosen by a good many as an appropriate person to curse.

Nietzsche's writings supplied a motto to the title-page of a militarist book by the German general Bernhardi, and the motto is this: "War and courage have done more great things than the love to the neighbor."

But Nietzsche was also a great hater of nationalism, a prophet of the "Unity of Europe," and he expressed with zeal and fervor exactly the attitude that would make this war impossible. He said:

"A little more fresh air, for Heaven's sake! This ridiculous condition of Europe *must* not last any longer. *Is there a single idea behind this bovine nationalism?* What positive value can there be in encouraging this arrogant self-conceit when everything to-day points to greater and more common interests? The economic unity of Europe must come."

It is foolish, after four or five thousand years' history of continual bloodshed, to blame this particular war upon a relatively unknown German thinker who happened to live in the generation before it. But at least it serves to bring that thinker to the popular attention, and Nietzsche said some things that everybody ought to hear.

Nietzsche was born in Germany in 1844, and he was born with an intense and glorious personal ambition. I think he secretly longed to be a hero. And when he discovered that he was only going to be a college professor, that unsatisfied ambition of his found vent in a mighty vein of hero-wor-

ship, and the poetic celebration of strong men, and the invention and worship of the ideal of the "Superman." To him the Superman was more than an ideal: it was a type which we could produce upon earth by cultivating the pagan and heroic virtues, by crushing the weak and the unfit, and by adopting those methods of procedure which are now known as the science of Eugenics. This was the tonic moral and poetic vision which Nietzsche's own repressed ambition gave to the world. But in middle life that repressed ambition broke loose from its fetters, and began to realize itself in delusions of grandeur, and Nietzsche came at last to the mad-house imagining that he was a famous murderer, he was the King of Italy, he was God.

All sincere moral ideals, even the most contradictory, are useful to some people at some times. And Nietzsche's ideal of the fighting superman is especially useful to the "spiritual" people of our time, because they have been a little overfed with its op-

posite, the ideal of humility and submission and long-suffering love. Theirs is a "slave-morality," according to Nietzsche, and it is the "master-morality" whose praise he sings so ruthlessly in their ears.

He attacks with stings of laughter and bitterness the whole submissive teaching of the Christian Church, which he attributes not to Jesus but to St. Paul, saying that " 'the gospel' died on the cross." And although he always speaks in a gentler tone of Jesus, the "founder of a little Jewish sect," His ethics too he condemns as arrantly as he condemns the church. As Tolstoy was a fanatical upholder of the last letter of the gospel, Nietzsche was a fanatical denouncer of it. He hated such things as the Beatitudes, because they seemed to him to exalt what is base and weak and ignoble—Blessed are the *meek,* Blessed are the *poor in spirit,* Blessed are they that *mourn.* We can only say that such expressions "got on the nerves" of Nietzsche, as they must have got on the nerves of many other high-spirited

people who were not honest enough to say so.

"If the degenerate and sick man ('the Christian') is to be of the same value as the healthy man ('the pagan'), the natural course of evolution is thwarted and the *unnatural* becomes law. What the species requires is the suppression of the physiologically botched, the weak, and the degenerate; but it was precisely to these people that Christianity appealed as a preservative force. He who does not consider this attitude of mind as immoral, as a crime against life, belongs himself to the sickly crowd, and also shares their instincts. Genuine love of mankind exacts sacrifice for the good of the species; it is hard, full of self-control, because it needs human sacrifice."

Thus Nietzsche attacked the current morality of idealistic people. But it must not be thought that he put nothing in its place, or that he demanded nothing of his supermen but greedy indulgence of their personal desires. His supermen are not for

the indolent to emulate. They are heroes. Self-control, intellect, action, discipline, and eternal sacrifice for posterity, are their virtues. "By still greater ones than any of the saviors must ye be saved, my brethren, if ye would find the way to freedom!" "He who can not command himself, shall obey."

According to Nietzsche, only through the enslavement of the many can the great development of the few be achieved. "A higher culture can only originate where there are two distinct castes of society, that of the working class, and that of the leisured class who are capable of true leisure; or, more strongly expressed, the caste of compulsory labor and the caste of free labor. Slavery is of the essence of Culture."

This is true enough of the culture of to-day, as any one can see. But Nietzsche's mistake lay in assuming that this culture of to-day is a fit basis upon which to build the hope of supermen. Our aristocracy is not an aristocracy of strength or merit, physical or intellectual, but an aristocracy of

wealth. You could match Nietzsche's own description of supermen more nearly in the ranks of the United Mine Workers of America than in the Union League Club. A glance at a few portraits—King George, and Czar Nicholas, and Vincent Astor—is enough to prove that there is nothing "super" about our nobility but their possessions.

Nietzsche had no contact with the world of affairs, and for that reason he failed to see this. He failed to see how the principle of the *survival of the strong,* upon which he rested his hope, has been destroyed in human society by the existence of hereditary wealth and hereditary opportunity.

Had Nietzsche been a little less of the hermit and a little less perhaps of the snob, he would have been wiser. He would have realized that the contest must be made equal and "free for all," if those truly "fittest" are to survive. In short, he would have grasped a greater ideal—the ideal of a Super-Society, in which all men are free,

and those born with heroic and great gifts or characters must inevitably rise to eminence, through their sheer value to mankind.

Perceiving this, Nietzsche would have been one of the supreme moralists of history. For he would have addressed these warlike bugle-calls to the whole world. And though many need to be reminded of humility and meekness and love, fully as many need to be aroused.

If your course of conduct is stunting and withering your power of life, it is bad and not good, no matter how patient, how long-suffering, how dutiful, how *virtuous* even, it may be! Strength and courage to command and change your world, are what the voice of nature demands of you.

This is the stern message that Nietzsche addressed to the soul of man, and it will never be forgotten. And if it led him, as he says, "occasionally to chant a pæan of war," we may be sure it is not the kind of war, blind and fatal and undeliberate, which

is now being waged by the nations of Europe. The war he chanted was a war in the interest of truth and ideas.

"I greet all the signs indicating that a more manly and warlike age is commencing, which will, above all, bring heroism again into honor. For it has to prepare the way for a yet higher age, and gather the force which the latter will one day require—the age which will carry heroism into knowledge and *wage war* for the sake of ideas and their consequences."

SOMETHING TO HATE

THERE is no such thing as German militarism. The Germans are not a different kind of people from the English. They are the same kind of people placed in different circumstances. And because of those circumstances they have retained and developed a monarchic-military form of government.

Chief among those circumstances is their geographic position—the fact that they are an inland nation wholly surrounded by potentially hostile neighbors.

Chief among the reasons why England developed so early a parliamentary form of government, protected by an immense navy, is her geographic position—the fact that she is an island nation, and her freedom from invasion, combined with her commerce and manufacture, early gave to her com-

mons a greater wealth, and a greater power, than the landed aristocracy possessed.

Chief among the reasons why we of the United States have neither a large army nor an immense navy, is our geographic position—the fact that no power adequate to invade and injure our territory is within striking distance. We retain, and we can develop still further if we keep our heads, the rudiments of democratic civilization.

But we are not keeping our heads, when we denounce "German Militarism" in one breath, and advocate "Military Preparedness" in the other. These two things are one and the same.

Militarism is not a trait of any race or nation. It is a certain way of spending human life and energy, and has the same characters wherever it appears. German militarism is simply highly expert, effective militarism in rather large quantities. Its characters are perhaps adequately described by Professor and Dr. Ernst Troeltsch, of Berlin, in these laudatory words:

"All the things of which I have spoken, monarchy, army, school, administration and economy, rest upon an extraordinary instinct for order, combined with stern discipline and an earnest sense of duty. . . .

"Order and duty, solidarity and discipline are the watchwords of our officialdom, of associations and corporations, of large and small business concerns, of our labor unions, and of the great social insurance undertakings."

The same truth is indicated with equal clarity for those who can see, by F. S. Oliver, the friend of Lord Roberts, and a great advocate of universal military service for England.

"Army and Society in conscript countries," he cries with envy, "are one and the same." And he does not imagine that an army, or an army-society, can be conducted on the principles of democratic liberty. He makes that clear in a good half of his celebrated book, which is devoted to berating the manner in which English parliamentary

leaders are forever wondering how much the people will stand. He does not want England to become a "democracy"; he wants her to remain only a "representative government," which he perceives to be a very different thing.

A more brutal statement of the nature of militarism, however, than either England or Germany has officially produced, will be found in these words of Major General John F. O'Ryan, commander of the New York State Militia (N. Y. *Times*, October 21, 1915):

"The war in Europe has demonstrated that the conduct of war requires absolute coordination, unity of purpose and absolute command. In this country we are very much better off for material things than we are for soldiers. The recruit does not know how to carry out orders. His mental state differs from that of the trained soldier, who obeys mechanically. We must get our men so that they are machines, and this can be done only by means of a process of training.

"When the feeling of fear—the natural instinct of self-preservation—comes over a man there must be something to hold him to his duty. We have to have our men trained so that the influence of fear is overpowered by the peril of an uncompromising military system, often backed up by a pistol in the hands of an officer. We must make the men unconsciously forget their fear. All these matters of standing at attention and 'Sir, I have the honor to report,' are valuable to put him through the biological and social process by which he becomes a soldier.

"That is the reason why we cannot have any military force simply by having dinners and entertainments. The recruits have got to put their heads into the military noose. They have got to be 'jacked up'—they have got to be 'bawled out.' . . . It must be a one-man power."

That is what militarism and the military spirit is, the world over. If you love it, adopt it, although the geographic conditions

which privileged your country to escape it continue exactly what they were before the war. Adopt it for its own sake.

But if you hate it, do not delude yourself into imagining it is Germany that you hate. It is yourselves as you will become, if the dreams of your munition-makers and gold-braid patriots are realized. Your own militarists are trading upon your hatred of Germany in order to foist upon you, without the excuse that Germany has, the very thing which you hate in Germany, and which is hers through the unfortunate accidents of history and geography.

Do not let them make you hate Germany. Hate militarism. And hate it the most where you have the best chance to do something against it. Hate it here.

America first!

PART TWO

THE ONLY WAY TO END WAR

THE ONLY WAY TO END WAR

NOTHING compels admiration and hope of man's nature more than to see him wage war. War has kindled the people of Europe to a sustained excess of energy and sacrifice. Each soldier, like a heated engine, functions better than his power. He inhabits a sturdier self. He performs, endures, faces what he had no blood to face. Of nine hundred and ninety-nine in every thousand of those marching boys, their neighbors would have to say, "I never thought he had it in him!" And these neighbors too, with quiet nerve, and uncomplaining penury, and work, and sacrifice of sacred habits—though they stay at home, they share the elevation of all human power. For that is what an ideal common purpose, fitted to our native instincts and re-echoed through a social world, can do. It can drag

up out of our torpid abdomens a force we never dreamed of. It can stampede the energies of men, and hold them at a higher level over years.

Some day this miracle will happen for a greater purpose than the mere defense of nationalities. Some day men will *wage* a more fruitful pursuit than war. That is the hope one brings home. And to that end we ought to plan, with science and with care, the steps that must be taken in America to make war itself unnatural.

Peace advocates are of two kinds: those who seek to alter the external mechanisms through which war is engendered, and those who seek to alter the tendency of people to fight in loyalty to a nation.

The Survey tabulated the proposals of the former under these heads: Concert of Powers, Reduction of Armaments, International Police, Territorial Changes, Democratic Control of Foreign Policy, Guarantees of Democratic Government, Economic Changes, Abolition of Indemnities, An Im-

mediate Convention of Neutral Nations.

The New Review, a journal of international Socialism, has emphasized the opposite kind of proposals, those which look to a change in the attitudes of people—Anti-nationalism, Revolution against War, against Militarism, International Solidarity of the Working Class, Anti-patriotism. It is indeed the orthodox view of Socialists that war will be ended only with a realization by the workers of all nations that they have no quarrel with each other, their quarrel is with their masters. Socialists do not seek to alter the underlying motives of people, but they seek to *educate* that self-interest which they assume to be the ruling motive.

Norman Angell relies upon the same method—but he preaches his gospel rather to the business and leisure class. His demonstration of the commercial and cultural futility of conquest in modern war is the classic of our bourgeois peace movement. But his belief that by teaching the people this great fact he can ultimately dispose

them to cease going to war and arming against threats of invasion, is not dissimilar to the faith of the Socialists. It looks to a change in people's attitudes.

Arthur Bullard, writing in the *Century Magazine* for August, 1915, advocates even a more radical alteration of man. "One school of philosophy," he says, "has taught that the motor force of life was 'will to power,' and that war was a normal activity. If this is true, we must change our natures and develop a will to justice. There is no other foundation for peace."

The churches, though they set us a weak example in the *Lusitania* crisis, stand upon the same extreme hope. They look for an era of peace and brotherhood through moral regeneration; a change in the impulses of men's hearts.

And many of the workers in the Women's Peace Party think also that a reform of the popular attitude, especially the attitude of those who teach children, is the only beginning of the end of war.

To me all these attempts to remove from man's nature the bellicose-patriotic — whether by moral exhortation or by mental enlightenment—appear utopian and a waste of strength. The hope of the Socialists and of Norman Angell seems as forlorn in its way, as the hope of the Church. Not by curing or educating out of us the war-like disposition, I believe, but by making certain rather simple alterations in our external circumstances, we shall ultimately abolish war.

It was the error of St. Paul to suppose that by "mortifying the flesh," which means suppressing the instincts in a spiritual exaltation, one could permanently change the hereditary nature of man. I think the subsequent history of Christian civilization and its present culmination in Europe, are enough to prove the grossness of that error. But biological science holds it proven in a more definite way. The nature which a man or any animal inherits, according to that science, is transmitted to his offspring un-

affected by his personal education, or by any qualities that he may acquire during his life. So that even when you have made an expert saint of an individual, you will have to start the task all over again at the same point with his children. And, furthermore, since all men inherit many instinctive modes of conduct, and these modes of conduct cannot often be balked and suppressed without ill-health and disaster, there is a decided limit to that "infinite improvability" even of the individual nature. What that limit may be, no one can declare in detail. But we can wisely assure ourselves that any "improvement" which involves an off-hand suppression of *universal hereditary tendencies,* will be exceedingly precarious. It will not be transmitted in heredity, and it will have to depend for its enforcement upon an almost unanimous weight of social tradition, for underneath it in the neural structure, laid down forever, lie the paths of the old tendency it denies.

So we have to lay aside the mortification

method of reforming the world as a brave and stupendous error. But it is also an error to suppose, as the orthodox Socialists and Norman Angell incline to, that there is but one tendency original in man, the tendency to preserve his own economic well-being; and to imagine that in proportion as his understanding is "enlightened," he will invariably act merely as an economic self-preserver. The conduct of the anti-military workingmen of Europe when the war broke, and the conduct of the business pacifist also, have made evident the falsity of that assumption.

The disposition of European people, grouped in nations, to wage war when their nation is threatened, and to believe it is threatened upon a very light excuse, seems to be fixed in the nervous tissue like self-preservation itself. Men who would not contribute eight cents to anything outside of their own belly in times of peace, will drop their cash, credit, and commercial prospects, and go toss in their lives like a

song, in war times, at the bidding of an alien abstraction called the state. Do you think that is a trick they have acquired by culture, and which you can stem by telling them something else when they are young? I think it is an organic aptitude more old and deeply set by evolution than any of the impulses that would enlighten it.

War is a functioning of at least two instinctive dispositions—"pugnacity," and "gregariousness," or the "herd-instinct." I find in my books of psychology, that the disposition called pugnacity (and that called rivalry) lie near the root of our hereditary endowment; and that the tendency of man to identify himself with his clan, his tribe, his nation, although of later origin, has been grafted deep into the souls of European people by centuries of bloody and drastic group-selection. These dispositions belong to the original nature of man, the unlearned nature, fixed by evolution, and inherited anew by every child, no matter what intellectual medium he may be born in. And

any purely cultural or calculative suppression of them would be both temporary and unreliable. It would depend upon a perfectly perpetuated tradition, and it would never give certainty that when a sufficiently poignant occasion arose, the original nature would not break through and function in spite of all.

Patriotism is not, as Mr. Angell, from his readings of Lecky, supposes, a trait like militant religious zeal, which many human cultures never have possessed, and which can be rooted out in one generation by the training of young children. It is a disposition that lies fixed in the hereditary structure of all civilized races, and neither early education nor Mr. Angell's panacea, "hard thinking," can remove it.

That Mr. Angell has no apprehension of the difference between the original or "unlearned," and the cultural or acquired characteristics of man, appears clearly in his chapter on "Changing Human Nature." *

* "The Great Illusion," by Norman Angell.

He quotes a variety of common sayings whose purport is that "you can't change human nature." And then he answers in a kind of exasperation:

"What do these phrases mean? These, and many like them, are repeated in a knowing way with an air of great wisdom and profundity by journalists and writers of repute, and one may find them blatant any day in our newspapers and reviews; yet the most cursory examination proves them to be neither wise nor profound, but simply parrot-like phrases, phrases which lack common sense, and fly in the face of facts of everyday experience."

But this itself is a rather journalistic rejoinder, to those who remember that in the laboratories of science steps have already been taken to determine in what characters and dispositions you can permanently change human nature, and in what characters you can not, except by selective breeding. And most scientists, I believe, would agree that a basic disposition to identify self

with a social group, and to be pugnacious in the gregarious way that nations are, is one of the unchanging attributes of man. Culture can, and doubtless has, inflamed and overdeveloped it. A different culture can mitigate its strength. But it is there, no matter what you teach. You can never build a structure of learned attitudes so deep and solid that it will not tumble into air, when that organic coil is sprung.

It is not beyond the power of nature to produce peaceable types. They occur as variants—as reformers often—in our own race. And in races whose character has not been determined by those savage centuries of intertribal war, they may be the dominant type. Nansen says of the Esquimaux that, "War is quite incomprehensible to them and abominable; their language has not even a word for it, and soldiers and officers who have been trained to the killing of people are to them simply butchers of men."

The struggle of the Esquimaux, through the long ages that fixed their character, was

a struggle not against a too numerous humanity, but against a too rigorous environment. And for the few that nature would let live, a mutual indiscriminate helpfulness was the very condition of their continuing to live. But for us that mutualness, like every other sane engagement of our time, must cease and the recoil be instant at the note of tribal strife, which always threatened our existence. And thus we are and thus we will be, in spite of all superficial changes that cultural suggestion can install, militant patriots at heart.

We International Socialists, in our hope that the workingman's patriotism might be taught to cling in a crisis to his class in all nations, rather than to all classes in his nation, were nearer than the others to a scientific hope. We did not seek to suppress or deny the patriotic disposition altogether; we offered it a new object. But I think we underestimated the importance to that disposition of personal contact. It is the group *surrounding us* with whom we rush together

for defence. The abstract thought of kindred groups in other countries, powerful as it may be in times of security, is too chilly in the turbulence of impending war to check our fighting union with the group we *feel.* That is what this war should teach the Socialists. In that famous faith of theirs that solidarity of economic interest among the workers of all countries could avert international wars, they nursed a dream. The anti-patriots are nursing a dream. And those who imagine that disarmament, or "popular control," would avert war between nations, also are nursing a dream. There is nothing so inhuman in the nature of the people as that. They will react more slowly, but not in essential contrast to their delegates and their rulers. For we are all touched with this mania the moment that a crisis comes. It is our fate.

The patriotic and pugnacious tribes survived—we are those tribes. Write that motto over your peace palaces, your tribunals, your international congresses, and

some result may come of the deliberations within.

There is one method of handling inconvenient instincts, more practical than selective breeding, and more sure and permanent than cultural suppression. That is to alter the environment in such fashion as to offer new objects for these instincts to adhere to, and similar but less disastrous functions for them to perform. We are constantly putting the natural instincts of animals to our service in this manner. It is not too much to say that the intemperate motherhood of the barnyard fowl would be a national calamity if we had not found means to direct it into the rather unusual channel of perennial egg-production. The murderous impulses of the cat become distinctly moral when a house is her environment, because whatever she can find there that is small enough we are eager to have her kill.

Something of that is the lesson we must

learn in dealing with the savage heredity of men. Men are *incurably* rivalrous and pugnacious, but this rivalry and pugnacity would find vent in other forms of conflict and display, if the *occasions* of international warfare were removed. And for that reason all anti-military effort ought to be directed, not to a utopian reform of native human attributes, but to a practical alteration of the external mechanisms through which war is engendered.

But men are also incurably patriotic—destined to identify themselves with a social group surrounding them, whatever group has a strong traditional existence. And by *identify themselves* is meant all that the words can mean. Their nation *is* their self. And for this reason even those external reforms such as a Concert of Powers, Reduction of Armaments, Territorial Changes, Democratic Control of Foreign Policy, Abolition of Indemnities, and the Removal of Economic Barriers can not be depended upon to prevent the starting of a

fight. Fights will start between nations a little more ponderously perhaps, but in exactly the same manner as they start between selves.

The Kafir people have two words for a *self*. The *idhlozi* is "the individual and personal spirit born with each child," while the *itongo* is "the ancestral and corporate spirit which is not personal but tribal, or a thing of the clan, the possession of which is obtained not by birth but by certain initiatory rights." And the Kafirs merely focus in these common nouns something that is to be seen in all the peoples that we call civilized.

I could summon my gentle neighbor, Mr. Cogley, out of his house, and inform him that a certain Mr. Hohenzollern of Germany desires to prevent him, Mr. Cogley, if necessary by force of arms, from riding into England on a British ship carrying certain articles. Mr. Cogley, as I know him, would reply:

"Oh, all right! I don't know the gentleman, but if he feels that way I'd just as

soon ride on one of our own ships. I wasn't going to England anyway!"

That is Mr. Cogley's *idhlozi* speaking. But when I inform him that his *clan* is to be prevented from riding into England on a British ship, or from any other little thing they may proudly please to do, by the clan Hohenzollern, then my neighbor's *itongo* grasps hold of his mind, and it will actually carry his body into the trenches to face death over that inconspicuous and to him altogether inconsequent proposition. That is the way in which patriotism, which is a belligerent self-identification with the group, actually possesses the actions of men at the least occasion. Can we meet that with little tinkerings and trimmings up of the skirts of nations?

There is but one peace plan which has practical hope and cogency: *Offer that instinct of self-identification a larger group to which it may cling.* It clings more strongly now to the United States, which has not even a name of its own, than to Massachu-

setts or Rhode Island. And we already in our loyal moments call these United States "America." America itself might command the strength of our loyalty, if America as an integral group existed for us. The name of our country is the name of our task.

A conference of Independent American Republics, looking to the preservation of their common interests, would be most natural at this time. Four semi-official Pan-American congresses have already, in fact, been held. A fifth could be made official. And if our statesmen at such a congress proved far-sighted enough to relinquish on this continent every form of that dominance which they so deprecate in the European ambitions of Germany or England, there might evolve out of it the beginnings of the American Federation. This must become a true Federation, a supra-national entity with power and delegated sovereignty like those of our federal government. It must have a congress of representatives, who can express and adjudicate the differences be-

tween nations, and thus engender above them a conspicuous state to which a portion of that tribal loyalty that so controls their citizens may learn to adhere. In such an absolute creation—and in all the activities and thoughts and moods of international unity, which lead towards it—lies the one hope of destroying war.

There is a blind wisdom in the attitude of those who advocate national defence, now that they see how lightly a monstrous war can arise. They will not ignore the fact, and they wish to *do* something about it. Who does not wish to do something? And "Peace" is nothing. Peace is a negation. Nobody will ever *wage* peace. Nobody but a few tired people, and people suffering from shock, will ever kindle to a negative ideal. American Union, International Union, the Union of the World—that is an ideal that has action and affirmation and distance in it. It is a campaign that can be waged. It is a campaign, moreover, the very first steps of which—a conferring and

uniting of American Republics—offers the bold and economical substitute for that infinitely multiplying labor of national defence which threatens our progress.

We are lucky indeed to find in the ultimate dissolver of international wars, an aim which can appeal to so many immediate interests of our time. International union will appeal to the millions who know that increasing our own armament at this time of the world's tragedy is a crime, and yet are at a loss for some affirmative program with which to oppose it. It will appeal to the growing power of international capital, which has already learned that its interests lie in preserving peace, and is only waiting to learn by what political mechanism it can protect them. It will appeal to the labor movement in all countries, less powerful, less international, but already committed to a creed of internationalism. It will appeal to that new social force, the will of independent women, who, especially in the absence of war, are disposed more strongly

against it than men. The times were never more ready and expectant of a great initiator. President Wilson holds this hope of the future, for the moment, in his hands.

It is a distant hope, and many wars may intervene before the habit of loyalty to a greater state is fixed in our traditions. But it is a true hope; no science contradicts it.

Ultimately our patriotism may embrace the earth, the earth be our nation, and we go out to fight the enemies of what we deem a terrestrial well-being. There is nothing utopian in that. But to hope that patriotism can be cut out of the nervous organization of the true-bred man of the west, or that war, which is both the parent and the child of patriotism, can be made so horrible to him whose ancestral food was war—that is utopian.

WHAT IS PATRIOTISM AND WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

PATRIOTISM has always figured in literature as a virtue, except in Tolstoy's writings, where it figures as a vice, which is much the same thing. All you can do with patriotism as a virtue or a vice is preach at it. And preaching at human nature, preaching that never takes the scientific trouble to decide what is the origin and composition and actual potentiality of the traits preached at, may be said to have proven a complete failure. For twenty centuries almost all of the professional idealists of Europe have been trying to change the instinctive nature of man by blowing salvation oratory down his throat, and Eu-

This essay is in substance a speech delivered at Cooper Union in November, 1915, in a Conference on the Future Foreign Policy of the United States. It was written shortly after the preceding essay, and although it merely repeats the moral, it adds a great deal of truth, I believe, to the analysis there attempted of the instinctive emotions of patriotism.

rope is now demonstrating the futility of that endeavor.

"Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." There, for instance, is an ideal which is so far disgeared from the actual running mechanism of a man's nerves that, unless he intends to hypnotize himself abnormally with that single God's dogma for life, he never can live up to it, and he never will. To preach that principle to the choleric and belligerent races of Western Europe, as a solution of the problems of their uproarious civilization, is a vicious thing because it is a crying waste of the energy of idealism.

If those same professional idealists—I mean the priests and ministers and moralists and poets of morality—instead of trying to alter with exhortation the instinctive nature of man, had once sat down to determine what the unalterable facts of that nature are, and then tried to construct a world in which such a nature could func-

tion without disaster, European civilization might be in existence now.

With proper recognition of the possible variation of individuals, we can say that patriotism is one of these unalterable facts of man's nature. A talent for fighting solidarity with a group is a part of the instinctive equipment of the human animal. It is composed of two tendencies that are laid down in his nervous system when he is born; and these two tendencies are reinforced in a peculiar way by two others still more compelling.

The first two are called pugnacity and gregariousness, or group-loyalty. All men and most animals are pugnacious. They love to fight. Everybody loves to fight. Some people get all the fighting they want at the breakfast table, and other people have to carry it out in the law courts or the battlefield, where it makes more noise. Roosevelt loves to charge up San Juan hill, and then he loves to prosecute for libel anybody that says he didn't charge up San

Juan hill. War people fight for war and peace people fight for peace. When Roosevelt calls the peace people mollycoddles and college sissies, I only want to walk up and smash him.

Not only does everybody like to fight, but everybody has an irresistible tendency to identify himself with a group. Boys fight in gangs, and so do girls, and wolves, and cows, and elephants, and yellow jackets, and grown-up people. You don't have to prod every single individual in order to bring a bee-hive around your head. You only have to prod the hive. Every individual identifies himself with the hive.

It is exactly so with a swarm of people trained by custom and habit to think themselves one—one family, one fraternity, one church, one clan, one tribe, one nation. Love me, love my dog. Love my dog, love the whole pack. That is the way we work. We identify ourselves with the larger group; and we do this especially when the group is subjected to any kind of prod from

an outsider. Patriotism was born of war. It was born of the necessity of uniting for common defense, and although a great many different feelings, some heroic and some feeble-minded, have got mixed up with the word patriotism, the basic sentiment is still one of fighting solidarity—rivalry and loyalty combined.

These two tendencies, I said, are reinforced by two others still more compelling. And those are self-love and child-love. By child-love I mean the disposition of men and women to return in times of trouble to the affections and passions which swayed them when they were very young. There is a little child inside of every one of us, and when anything gets the matter he always wants to run home to mother. Or he wants to run home to father, or sister, or brother, or nurse, or the nursery, or the old homestead, or the home town, or "my native land," as the case may be. He wants to get back to the things he was sure of, the things he loved and leaned on in the days

when there was no doubt and no trouble. For these, as for no others, he will pour out his song and his sacrifice.

That is an important element of patriotism. It is what explains the queer, blind, puppy-like, almost chemical way in which otherwise intelligent minds will cling to the proposition that their country is right, no matter what their country does, and no matter if it does two exactly opposite things at the same time. It is the romantic part of patriotism, the part that comes before the hyphen. It is not usually so strong as the part that comes after the hyphen, but you can not always tell how much of this sacred baby-love there is in a man by looking at him.

I know of two German brothers in Jersey City who came over here fifteen or twenty years ago, and built up a ten-million-dollar business. After they had been here about five years one of them, the aggressive one, decided to become an American citizen. The other said: "No, I'll stick

by de Vaterland." When the war broke, the one who had been an American citizen for ten years, packed up his kit and took the first boat back to fight; and the one who had "stuck by de Vaterland" stayed over in Jersey City in the vicinity of that ten million dollars. You can not always tell. Generally speaking, however, when there is a choice, the part of patriotism that comes before the hyphen is not so strong as the part that comes after. Yet it is uncanny strong. Men cling to the place they were born in, as they clung to the breast that bore them.

Still more inconquerably, however, they cling to themselves, and the noble task of increasing their own importance. And that is the ultimate driving power of patriotism. Nobody can understand the overwhelming force of the conviction people have that their country is the greatest country in the world; that it has the bravest soldiers, the prettiest women, the tallest church steeples, the biggest hotels, the best cooks, the most

commodious bathrooms, the fattest hogs, the longest ears on its jackasses—nobody can understand that, who does not see that patriotic people are praising themselves. I saw in the gallery of war pictures in Paris a drawing by Forain of two starved and destitute hoboes dragging along the roadside discussing the war.

"We're bound to win in the long run," said one.

"Sure!" said the other, with a magniloquent gesture, "we're so rich!"

It is that patrotic "we" that slides in and corrupts everybody's judgment, gets people to give up their happiness, and their lives, and their children's happiness, and their children's lives, over a point that does not concern them the least bit in the world. It concerns their imaginary self-importance.*

* These two elements, the love and the egotism that swell the patriot's breast, are mingled in varying proportions not only in individuals, but in whole nations. The prevailing temper of South European patriotism—French and Italian—and of Irish patriotism, too, I think, is love of country. The prevailing temper in England and Germany and the United States is pride of country. The French are not so zealous to prove that every great thing in the world, or almost every one, originated in France. They leave that to us Northerners. It is enough for them that France is France.

Churches are supposed to be put up by the people to the glory of God, but when they get them put up how often do they call them God's House, and how often do they call them Our Church? If a man can not afford to have a steeple on his own hat, he is so much the more proud and anxious about the size and proportions of the town hall and the village church. You can make that a mathematical rule.

Well—that is what makes patriotism so insidiously coercive of our reasonable judgment. It combines the strongest possible appeal to altruism, the appeal of infant memories, with the strongest possible appeal to egoism, the chance to behold ourselves enlarged and clothed in public splendor. In patriotism we have both the emotion of losing ourselves, which has been celebrated by the saints in all ages, and the emotion of magnifying ourselves so large that there is no possible danger of our getting lost, which is more enjoyable if not so celebrated.

That combination of remarkable emo-

tional satisfactions is irresistible. Add that to the pleasure of fulfilling an hereditary instinct, the pleasure of sliding over those tracks that are laid down in our brain-matter, greased and oiled and waiting to be slid over—what I have called instinct of pugnacity, instinct of gregariousness—add those four things together, and you have a trait of character that no pledge or resolution, no theory, no gospel, no poetry or philosophy of life, no culture or education, and not even your own financial interest can ever completely conquer.

Patriotism is a fighting self-identification with the gang, the tribe, the nation. It is there in our human hearts forever. What shall we do with it?

Tinker the tariff. Reduce armaments. Remove economic barriers. Abolish indemnities. Liberate the colonies. Suppress the diplomats. Establish a popular control. Give women the vote. Consolidate the working-class. Yes, all of that! But will that prevent the starting of a fight between

patriotic people divided into exclusive national groups? I do not believe it will.

Wars will be less frequent if some of these intelligent reforms are accomplished; in many ways that can be proven. But the perpetual menace and the occasional calamity will not be removed. For so long as people identify their *selves* only with their nations, fights will start between nations somewhat as they start between selves. And fights are known to start between selves without the mediation of economic difficulties, or armaments, or colonies, or ignorant diplomats, or kings, or emperors, or any of those notorious scapegoats upon which we are trying to load off the blame for a catastrophe whose cause inheres in our own character.

Wars will arise between nations so long as the instinct of fighting loyalty is allowed to attach exclusively to nations. And as soon as, and in proportion as, we offer to that instinct larger groups to which it may attach, wars among nations will become less

and less likely. We shall eliminate national war by international union, exactly as the wars of family and clan and city were eliminated by national union. That is all we can say. That is all we can do with a trait which is hereditary. We can not ignore it; we can not mortify it; we can not preach it away, we can not pray it away, and we can not even reason it away. It is there like a mouth which is bound to be fed. But we can feed it a slightly different food. We can offer it a different object to cling to.

The patriotism of the people in New England clings more firmly now to the United States, than it does to Massachusetts or Rhode Island, and a war between those two states is hardly conceivable. The longer the United States endures, the less likely does a war between the states become.

And yet what is the United States? An artificial institution that was created offhand, for the express purpose of absorbing a little of that excess colonial patriotism that was sure to make trouble.

Last summer a Frenchman asked me where I came from, and I said, "The United States," and he said, "Which United States? Say, why don't you people name your country?"

And that is just what we have tried to do; and by a happy accident, in our most patriotic moments, we call this artificial unit of loyalty—America. Why not make it America? I put it to you as a fact guaranteed by the science of psychology that if some intelligent person with power would take the first steps toward a federation of the American republics, it need not be fifty years before half of the patriotic devotion of all the people on this side of the world would be consecrated to the task of perpetuating it.

And though it seems gigantic, it is by no means a utopian undertaking to unite the whole world of nations in such a federation. For all the organic interests of men, except their sheer love of patriotic fighting itself, are against the perpetual recurrence

of international war. War and the mere joy of existence are incompatible. War makes it impossible to live, and it makes it impossible even to die for a noble purpose. Let men but understand themselves, and the mechanism of their emotions by which they are brought into this perennial catastrophe, and they will be ready enough in the sober intervals to take gigantic measures to prevent it.

NOTE.

Norman Angell has demonstrated the futility, from any point of view but military pride, of national victory in a typical modern war. Assuming that war is conducted at an enormous cost to a nation, he has proven that the gains, even with brilliant military success, are not worth such a cost. Especially from the economic view-point, his demonstrations are a surprise. He states, and I think pretty generally proves, that no nation gains much in wealth through the typical military victory.*

But his assumption that war is conducted at an enormous cost to a nation, remains still to be analysed. It might be true that while victory is futile, war itself is a good business. It certainly is true that war is not so bad a business as people who think only about the extravagant shooting conceive. And it is also true that a great many individuals in a warring nation do grow richer through the very fact of war. They may not grow richer at the expense of other nations, but they grow richer at the espense of other classes in their own nation. And the question we have to ask is, whether the business class as a whole (the capital-owning class) grows richer through the manufacture of war. For if it does, then so far as the hopes of peace go, the question whether victory harms or benefits "the nation" is not of final importance. Indeed the less that hazard amounts to, the more blithely will nations go to war. For in most cases the business class is "the nation," so far as sovereign decision upon the most critical issues is concerned; and if war, merely as war, transfers an increased proportion of the wealth from other classes to the business-class, without greatly decreasing the total amount, then war remains a good "national" business, no matter whether victory is worth anything or not.

For this reason, I have included the following very syncopated reflections in this book. I do rely, in my hope of international federation, upon CAPITALISTIC INTEREST *for the main driving power, but I do not want those who are in closer communion with capital than I, to think that I have simply adopted without any doubt or speculation, the popular impression about war's cost.*

* In "The Great Illusion," G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE BUSINESS COST OF WAR

WAR is a luxury, and if any one of us alone indulged in it, he would find it very expensive. But when the entire community goes in for war, the business result is not so damaging as we imagine. Barring the chances of indemnity and territorial loss, and barring the occurrence of a blockade and certain other *accidents,* the manufacture and distribution of war seems to be almost as profitable to the capitalists of a nation as any other business.

In the case of most luxuries, the people who manufacture them are also the people who consume them. But in the case of war the entire community is taxed to pay the price, poor people depriving themselves of necessaries in order to join in the general indulgence. This makes the poor people

think of war as a bad business, but to those who produce the material they are consuming, it is, for just this reason, extraordinarily good business. And almost all the great mines and farms and factories are directly or indirectly producing such material.

Of course there are contrary luxuries which sell better in times of peace, and those who were rich in the manufacture of these luxuries begin to lose money when war is declared. But others immediately begin to gain from the new luxury, so that this is no loss to the business class. It is merely a slight redistribution of their income, and these redistributions of income ought not to mislead us into believing there is a general loss.

War looks improvident, too, because guns go off so quickly when you fire them; gunpowder and all the other munitions are consumed at such a rapid tempo. But the truth is that an enormously rapid consumption of goods which the entire community will pay a good price for, and labor is ar-

dently willing to produce, is the very name and picture of prosperity to the owners of productive capital. War simply as a wholesale consumption of luxuries, stimulates the entire enterprise of a country, and piles up wealth for the wealthy as usual.

Of course a certain destruction of productive capital is entailed, if the scene of battle moves within the home territory. Railroads are torn up, factories and farm buildings destroyed. But this merely accelerates a process which the ordinary use of these objects involves. They have to be replaced quite frequently in the ordinary course of business, and they are not difficult to replace when people know how to work and have a will to it. There is reason to believe that at the end of a war people know how to work so much better than they did at the beginning, the technique and the organization are so exalted, that this loss of capital is more than counterbalanced. Technology is the real fountain of value.

Bismarck was chagrined at the rapidity with which France paid off the enormous indemnity of 1870. He thought he had crippled France for a century. But it appears that ultimately he increased her wealth by bestowing upon her people that red-hot incentive to work. War itself is another such incentive, because it appeals to our hereditary instincts far more effectually than wage-working for another's profit in times of peace.

The one thing about war which really makes a business brain sad, is to see so many healthy laborers march out of the producing mill, and take to the merely consuming sport of shooting off guns. Anything that makes the poor people quit producing appears a bad business policy. But here again, to judge by the experience of Europe, patriotism compensates the loss, for so many previously idle and dependent people come forward to help (at about the usual wage) and they try so hard, that the annual production of wealth is soon actually

increased to meet the increased consumption at the front.

There remains then, only one enormous unqualified loss that war, merely as war, inflicts upon the business of a country, and that is the price of the labor power that is shot down or disabled forever. This loss is increasing to serious proportions with the growth of the size of war, but it too is in some degree compensated by the patriotism of those who remain. And it is more quickly replaced than those who suffer when they think of it are inclined to imagine. Nature is always at work, and in less than a score of years she can fill all those unsightly vacancies with good flesh and muscle of youth.

It is a sad fact to those who hate war upon more serious grounds, but it *is* a fact that upon the grounds of national business war is not altogether an insane enterprise. We should recognize this, however, and not allow the mere incident of taxation and a national debt (*which are only forms of capi-*

talistic book-keeping) to delude us into thinking we have more interests than we have on the side of peace. War is an industry which gives a vast profit, like all flourishing industry, to those who are in on the ownership of the producing machines.

There are two considerations, however, which incline the more far-seeing and widely interested capitalist to oppose international war. The first of these is the enormous uncertainty of events in war time. The indemnity, the cession of territory, the blockade, the eventualities of a foreign loan —these are only the more obvious accidents to which the war business is liable. But everything is uncertain. Peace breaking out unexpectedly would depreciate a great many heavy investments. A revolution of the people, or even an earnest request for some share in the profits of their patriotism, would be disturbing. A repudiation of the national debt, while it would not involve any loss of value to the nation, would upset all that capitalistic book-keeping in an

exceedingly disrespectful manner. It would, in fact, constitute a revolutionary redistribution of wealth. In brief, the technique of making profits through the exploitation of labor rests securely upon the psychology and politics of peace, and whether the prizes of war-business are worth the extreme risks involved in a whole new set of conditions, is decidedly a debatable question. I believe that the weight of opinion in any flourishing, and therefore conservative, national business would, in general and even aside from any humane considerations, lie against it.

But the supreme force that will oppose war is the interest of those whose business is *not national* at all, but international. It is obvious that those who own and operate a business, which in its essential nature transgresses the boundaries of two nationalities, are destined to oppose war between those two up to the last hour. And the fact that ownership and enterprise are growing more and more international, that the dominant

groups of financiers and capitalists in all the great countries are interlocking, offers the one almighty hope for the elimination of war. National competitors are learning the lesson of private competitors—the lesson of the trusts. We are told that the two great financial organs of Germany opposed the declaration of war as vigorously up to the last moment as the organs of the Social Democracy. And this was the most hopeful piece of news we received, for these organs represent the power of the near future, and the Kaiser does not.

World federation will doubtless arrive in the usual sequence of beneficent changes. First the humane and beautiful ideal of the moralist and poet; then the gradual development of the substance of the thing in business; then as dictated by the interests of business the seizure of that ideal and its incorporation in a political form that will guarantee the values developed; and then once again the psalms of the poet and moralist in praise of the *status quo*. It was so

with the federation of the German Nation —first Fichte, then the Tariff Union, then the Empire, and then the literature of self-praise. It will be so, we can assure ourselves, with the Federation of the World. We have already the poets and the moral ideal; we have the business motive in its early growth. We can add now something which will accelerate the sequence. We can add the scientific idealist who understands its motivation, and knows just where to place his help.

WAR PSYCHOLOGY AND INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

WAGE-WORKING people have no property and no privilege to defend in fighting for their country. They have very little fun living in it. And for that reason it seems natural they should be the ones to refuse to fight. Almost every pacifist looked to the working-classes of Europe, organized under the standard of internationalism, to prevent a world war. It seemed incredible that so many millions of "rational animals," conscious of their class, should go out and die for a country which furnished them nothing but a bare living. It was not good sense, and it was not good economics.

Nevertheless they did. And besides painfully disappointing many optimistic hearts,

In this essay, again, I repeat the moral of "The Only Way to End War," but with special reference to Socialist theories upon the same subject.

they have thrown certain severely theoretical minds out of their tracks. The European Socialists—and those of Germany especially—have been warmly denounced as traitors to the cause by thinkers who had coldly counted upon "economic determinism" to make them loyal to it. It is not very scientific to denounce a fact for refusing to come under your hypothesis. It is wiser to scrutinize the fact with a view to remodelling, if necessary, the hypothesis. And that is what I wish to do with the fact of human nature revealed in the Socialist workingman's support of a nationalistic war.* Does it mean that the motives of nationalism lie deeper than the economic interests? Does it counsel us to give up the ideal of an "international" that will survive a serious war crisis? Or does it merely mean that our internationalists were not yet as powerful or as conscious of their class as we had thought, and were overwhelmed by

* In "The Socialists and the War," William English Walling has compiled, with admirable impartiality, documents which reveal the wartime reactions of Socialist majorities and minorities in all the countries involved.

the public opinion propagated through a nationalistic press? Shall we still look to them for the abolition of war?

To my mind there has always been a crack in the argument that workingmen should oppose war because they have no property to defend. It implies that other people go to war to defend their property. And while in the ancient days of conquest, the romantic wars we remember, this was often true, in the actual conflicts of modern nations it hardly ever is. A defeat or a victory in modern war involves no change of property-holdings drastic enough to make millions endanger their lives. People do not go to war for their property, they go to war for their country. And though their property and privileges undoubtedly enhanced in the first place their love of country, still these things were not the basis of it. People were patriotic, in the sense of a fighting loyalty to their tribe, before they were propertied; and they continue to be patriotic after they have been robbed of their

property with the help of the government. This fact has been ignored by those immersed in the economic interpretation, because the instinctive nature of man was not discovered until after economics got well under way. But we might as well acknowledge it now. The motive to patriotic fighting is not a mere derivative from business interest; it is a native impulse of our constitutions. The backbone of the sentiment of patriotism is hereditary. This does not prove that international propaganda and Socialist education cannot do anything to it, but it gives a true and far more difficult picture of what they have to do.

One of the characteristics of the human inheritance is that it has a wide range of variation in different individuals. And thus although we can assert that man is in general a patriotic animal, we shall find all types of men, ranging from the utter anti-patriot to the maniac-jingo. Among the European Socialists a good many were found who could vigorously resist the patri-

otic stampede, and we were more than surprised to discover who some of them were. In England and France and Russia the most "revolutionary" leaders of the Socialists—those who had been readiest to fight the government and the bourgeois society—were the first to turn patriot when the war broke. Those who had been "reformist" (which is to say "mollycoddle") in time of peace, held out more bitterly against the government's war. This makes us think the revolutionaryness of some people is more temperamental than reasoned. They have a great predilection for fighting, and when a resounding fight is on, why postpone their satisfaction into the future?

In Germany, on the other hand, it was the uncompromising revolutionaries who stood out against the patriot's war. Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg, Clara Zetkin, and their four or five hundred thousand followers seem to have lived according to what they *knew* before August, 1914. They still know it, they still perceive it, they are still

ready, so far as they are able, to act upon it with intelligence. Karl Liebknecht's address to the Reichstag when he alone voted "no" on the war-loan of December 2, 1914, is a document of heroic significance. It is high proof of the power of intellect to resist the suggestions of an almighty social environment.* For Liebknecht not only defied the patriotic state, but he defied the whole officialdom of the Socialist party as well, whose rule was strict that Socialist members should vote as a unit, and those who could not vote with them should abstain from voting. We have proof here of the

* "This war, which none of the peoples interested wanted, was not declared in the interests of the Germans or of any other people. It is an imperialist war for capitalization and domination of the world markets, for political domination of important quarters of the globe, and for the benefit of bankers and manufacturers. From the viewpoint of the race of armaments, it is a preventive war provoked conjointly by the war parties of Germany and Austria in the obscurity of semi-absolutism and secret diplomacy. It is also a Bonaparte-like enterprise tending to demoralize and destroy the growing labor movement. That much is clear despite the cynical stage management designed to mislead the people. This is not a defensive war. We cannot believe the government when it declares it is for the defense of the fatherland. It demands money. What we must demand is an early peace, humiliating no one, peace without consequent rancor. All efforts directed to this end ought to be supported. Only the continuous, simultaneous affirmation of this wish in all the belligerent countries can end the bloody massacre before all the interested people are exhausted. The only durable peace will be peace based on the solidarity of the working classes and liberty. The Socialists of all countries must work for such a peace even during the war. I protest against the violation of Belgium and Luxemburg, against the annexation schemes, against military dictatorship, against the complete forgetfulness of social and political duties as shown by the government ruling classes."

highest possibilities of anti-patriotic heroism in times of war—a dauntless rationality such as the economic interpretation calls for.

There are then two kinds of Socialist leaders who have been able to resist the war panic—those whose idealism is soft, who hate fighting, and those of unusually intellectual motivation, who know too much to be patriotic to a state they wish to revolutionize. Both types of character are rather unusual. The majority of men are pugnacious in their patriotism, and few indeed are profoundly influenced in a crisis of feeling by what they know. For my part, though the utmost admiration goes to Liebknecht, and much to Ramsay Macdonald and the Socialist members of the Duma, I do not think their example offers a great hope that the masses of men will ever in a crisis of "national danger," control their patriotic reflexes in the interest of the international solidarity of labor.

The only country in which the rank and file of working people have shown a rebel-

lious mood against the government's war is England. This may be a little because England gives a minus nothing to her working people, a little because free speech is free in England, but more generally, I believe, it is because the war did not appear to be England's war. Geographically she was not involved, and though her national pride of position was, this did not obviously appear. Her high moral pretense in entering the war would be disgusting to any moral person. And so it was not difficult to find British workmen refusing to help, and saying amazingly unpatriotic true things about the government's war. There would be few of these independent bodies left, we can imagine, if England were once cleanly invaded by a hostile army. It would be as it was in France and Belgium—hardly a murmur of anti-state or anti-war from any revolutionist. And yet in either of these countries, in Belgium above all, it would have been good economics for the working people to withhold their hands from war.

What we know, if we would but formulate it, is that ordinary human nature may feel international and pacific before a war, or even during a war; but at the outbreak of war the instinctive animal gets loose. At this date, after two years of fighting, one-third of the French Socialists in conference are against the war. Eugene Longuet, the grandson of Karl Marx, who explained to me in Paris last June the ideal necessity of nationalistic war, is against it now. He is unpopular. He has recovered his revolutionary wits. In Germany, which was not invaded, the recovery was more rapid. In December, 1914, Rosa Luxemburg in a greeting to the British Socialists declared that "already after a few months of war, the jingo intoxication which animated the working classes of Germany is passing away . . . their sense is returning." This same process of intoxication and recovery I watched in a Russian Terrorist of my acquaintance, who was caught up in a fever of patriotism for the Russia whose national

power she had fought with fire and dynamite. Even so far away from her people, it was months before her mind could transcend the feeling that, revolution or not, she must fight the patriotic war. When those who carry bombs, go to battle for the czar, we can be sure there is something astir in the masses besides economic bad judgment!

What we have to learn from the European experiment is that war-time psychology is a thing of its own kind. It is comparable to a stampede, or a sexual or religious orgy. This tribal fighting loyalty is an organized instinct latent in us, and any time that we are jogging along most reasonably attending to our self-interested business, the storm may hit us and we get into a frenzy of sacrificial patriotism. The problem is not merely to oppose a falsely conceived interest, with the truth of the matter; we have to oppose an instinctive emotional spasm, and if the spasm is extreme, truth is a wholly inadequate corrective. It is extreme when one's country is actually

invaded, and it is extreme also when the enemy is near, and the menace of invasion is, or can be made to appear, imminent. I do not believe that the thoroughest teaching of class-conscious internationalism will ever produce an average human nature among workingmen that can withstand the panic of patriotism so inflamed. For ideas do not reach down to these instinctive levels, and only where the instinct is abnormally weak (as in the extreme pacifist) or where the ideation is abnormally strong (as in the intellectual hero) can we expect our philosophy to survive that excitation of the organic nature. The masses of mankind will support war, whenever in any menace of danger to the national prestige, real or apparent, war is declared. That is the conclusion I draw from the trying out of our theories in all the countries of Europe.

The practical indications of this opinion are three-fold.

First, we ought to concentrate our efforts upon the anti-military propaganda. If the

war psychology overthrows our economic wisdom, we must make the most of that wisdom in times of peace. We must prevent these elaborate war preparations which we can quietly see to be a waste of *our* money. We must coldly calculate that the danger of going into an unavoidable war ill-prepared, is preferable to the danger of going into an avoidable war just because we are prepared. We must fight the effort to militarize our minds and the minds of our children, to fill us full of the bigotry of nationalism in peace times, which is an hypertrophy of the patriotic organs. We must never make military obedience the habit of our bodies, nor war the habit of our thoughts. For though we may be lost after the declaration of it, our united power can many a time put off the day.

If the German Socialists had refused to vote the great war loan in the peace of the winter of 1914, it is barely possible that no European war could have occurred. Then, and not in August, the politicians of

the party failed of the conduct that we might reasonably demand of them. The Frenchmen were fighting the three-year law; it was theirs to fight "Preparedness." We ought to make sure that no such betrayal of the international hope shall occur, if we have power to stop it, in this country.*

And then we ought to throw our best help into the bourgeois movements for international federation. It is evident now that wars between the great nations are detrimental to the larger interests of capital. As combination has proven profitable in private business, it will prove profitable in national enterprise. And we need only encourage the powers that already control our destinies, and show them the way, to make wars unlikely and unnatural. As Karl Kautsky says,† "Every far-sighted capitalist must call out to his associates: 'Capitalists of all

* Those American Socialists who denounced the German politicians as traitors for voting the war-loan, and yet are now advocating, or condoning, increased "Preparedness" in this country, are in a position they can never before the eyes of truth defend.

† Paraphrasing the famous cry of Karl Marx in the Communist Manifesto—a cry which was the motto of the Socialist International: "Workers of all countries, unite!"

countries unite!'" We should join our voices in that call. And then while these capitalists, as a matter of Christianity and good business, abolish war, we can the more assiduously attend to our gentle crime of abolishing capitalism.

And finally, with somewhat chastened understanding, we must organize the international anew. For it is important that the working people of the different countries should co-operate in peace to check the militarism of their governments. It is important that they should unite for the wage-struggle in proportion as their employers unite for international business. Every argument for industrial unionism is an argument for the international. It need not dampen our zeal to remember that war is a universal madness, which when it hits us we are lost. This ought to stimulate our will to build a structure that can help to stave it off.

There may, indeed, be a more heroic destiny for the international in some countries.

Those bourgeois pacifists may move too slow. The day may come when a civil war of labor against the tyranny of capital is itself so ready to break that the declaration of a foreign war will start it. In that happy accident our hopes of labor's pacifism could be realized. For though understanding and deliberate purpose can hardly check the patriotic stampede, a stampede in the opposite direction might check it. All those loyal belligerent emotions might be caught off in a fight, and that rather intellectual entity, the working class, acquire more definition and more force upon our instincts than even the nation has in danger. But this would be revolution rather than international solidarity, and to me it seems more remote than that federation of the commercial nations which will make great wars improbable. At any rate until that day of revolution, we shall do well to recognize that war has us in a strangle grip through the misfortune of our heredity, and our single effort must be directed to preventing its

very appearance upon the horizon. *United anti-militarism and Federation of the Bourgeois States* should be the rally-call of the new international.

PACIFISTS

THE worst thing about war is that everybody thinks about it. We are so full of fight that a fight absorbs our attention before everything. From the standpoint of the life and progress of the whole world, international wars are, to say the least, futile episodes; and yet they fill our histories, and while they are in progress every other enterprise of mankind suspends.

That is the reason why every one who is deeply interested in some enterprise of mankind hates war. Not alone is war bloody and a denial of life—but war is a negative thing practically, it is an obstacle, a waste of heroism. The people who implacably oppose war—call them pacifists if you must—are those who have something great that they wish to achieve with mankind.

It may be that the thing they wish to

achieve can be won only by fighting. (It may be that democracy can be won only by fighting.) They will not be averse to such fighting, for they are not excessively pacific. But they are averse to fighting for a negative result, or an abstraction, as the soldiers do. They have found within their nation, or interpenetrating all nations, a more absorbing thing to fight for. They do not wish to be called off by war.

TWO KINDS OF WAR

WAR is beautiful. It is most beautiful to the savage who is naked of moral or intellectual trammels, and to whom the organic shock of bloodshed is not sickening. But even to the refined, and especially to the godly, war has a mighty attraction. The hymns and litanies of the churches are full of blood. All poetry and eloquence is alive with the rumors of battle. And there is hardly a breast too chilly to be stirred by the fife and drum and the thundering feet of millions that go forth to die for the nation's honor.

To acknowledge that war is beautiful, and especially beautiful to those who merely imagine it, is preliminary to a true estimation of its worth. For it is only because they confuse beauty with moral value that righteous people are able to discuss so com-

placently the proper occasions and suitable proprieties of a thing that is murder. Only so can they decide that "a war of national honor" is the most righteous of all. It is the most beautiful of all. It is indeed a war between, or in the defense of, two abstract ideas. For nations do not exist except in the mouths and minds of those who name them. What really exists is the people, and they exist individually, and individually they have no quarrel with each other. They fight in the interest of a beautiful idea merely, and it is this that gives æsthetic value to the intellectually absurd and morally disgusting corruption that they make upon the earth. They are justified, in the minds of these righteous ones, by a certain glorious aspect that their enterprise has for the imagination.

But if we mention to these same righteous a war that is morally necessary, a war that has a great prize in view, human liberty, namely, and the right to live and bear children, but which even if it had no affirmative end whatever and were only a war of de-

fence against exploitation, has every moral sanction conceivable—if we say "Class War" to them, their recoil is full of hot indignation. A class-war is not beautiful. It does not trail after it the glamours of poetry and art. It is not aristocratic, not noble in the feudal character of that word. It is, indeed, a stern, desperate, dirty, inglorious and therefore supremely heroic struggle toward a most real end. Such a war seems to appeal only to those whose morality has passed beyond the righteous stage, where æsthetic attractions and old tribal instincts are called "conscience." It appeals to those who have learned that moral judgment is an intelligent estimation of future values.

We send our moral warriors to jail, but our æsthetic murderers and advocates of murder we extol and send up to the legislature. We give patriotism, or devotion to an insubstantial idea, a highest seat among the virtues. But class-conscious solidarity, the spirit of self-sacrifice in the cause of living flesh and blood that suffers and aspires

—that we rate with treachery and treason among the sins of hell.

In quiet reason we ought to reverse this position. If we are going to admire murder, we ought to admire the murders that are directed to some intelligible gain. And though it is more hopeful that we shall cease to admire murder altogether, still in the interval we might learn to say, "Let us have peace—but if there shall be war, let it be a war not of nation against nation, but of men against men, struggling to some real end."

It is more than a coincidence that Thomas Jefferson, our first great advocate of international peace, was also our first advocate of internal struggle. We are not apprised in the text-books, nor yet in the campaign books of our day, that Thomas Jefferson said, "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing. . . . God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion." But that is a brave saying to remember.

THE UNINTERESTING WAR

A NEWS STORY FROM EUROPE

THE principal impression I bring from Europe is that the war is not interesting. I had felt an element of strain in all the correspondence we were served with; unconsciously I knew that as a drama the world war was not fulfilling journalistic expectations. But until I got near and saw the disillusioned millions reading their monotonous little communiqués every afternoon, and trying to find food for passion in the fact that this or that number of yards was gained or lost on a five-hundred-mile front, and a daily five thousand or more undistinguished heroes killed gaining or losing it, I did not realize to what depths of weariness the course of European history had sunk.

This article was written after a visit to Europe in June and July, 1915.

Battle used to be a word to rouse the blood with. A charge of bayonets, the bombardment of a city, the assault with hand grenades, the desperate encounter of gigantic armies—these were things that left a date and monument. War had black and crimson moments hung with fate.

Here the battle, charge, bombardment, hand-to-hand encounter, all the crisis and catastrophe, everything in war that gave an eminence of meaning to some phase or instant of it, is dissolved and run together in untold unapprehended quantities, spread over a space that cannot be brought into the imagination, and kept flowing through time in an absolutely uninterrupted monotony of noise and carnage.

They shoot and kill five thousand Frenchmen every day. They shoot more Germans, and still more Russians. All these men die in bombardments, battles, assaults, reconnoitres, charges, that old-fashioned historians would pore over and detail with expert delight. But when there is an absolute con-

tinuum of such things all over a continent for a year, and substantially nothing lost or gained on either side, how can you find anything to call interesting, and when you do find it how can you tell it from the rest?

It is startling, and indeed appalling, to have a ton of metal dropped on you from twenty-six miles away after describing a trajectory seven miles high. It has a flavor of the gigantic miraculous—it suggests the Hippodrome. But as a mode of human conflict it lacks the dramatic elements of a street-corner fist-fight.

One newspaper story of this war has made a genuine sensation, and that is Will Irwin's account of the battle of Ypres, which has endeared him to the heart of the British Island forever. And Will Irwin deserves all the fame he got, for he made the battle of Ypres. Considered by old-fashioned standards of war correspondence, it was not a brilliant feat to go over there two months late and be the first one to find out there had been a battle involving hundreds of thousands of men

and marking a crisis in the history of four nations. Formerly we should have thought this was a little slow. But actually it took something better than a journalist to do it, because it was an act of creative imagination. Will Irwin had to go in and see that battle, as a single entity, in the middle of an absolutely fluid mass of warfare in which nobody had been able to see anything but his own gun before. The battle was there in all truth, and so are any million of other battles, but you'll never hear of them, because, generally speaking, they are too common to be worth polishing out.

I do not know how they feel at the front. One man told me the last thing they ever think about, or talk about, is the war. But I have a distinct impression that the people who are not at the front, or whose loves are not at the front, are dull about it.

Even in France this is true, though the French are fighting in full faith that they are saving their country from the possession of barbarian hordes, and though

there is no murmur of reluctance. The war is to the French simply inevitable—a dull job as well as a tragic, but a job they will do, and are doing, to the gods' taste.

Perhaps some of them were glad to fight in the beginning—the old inherited instinct is so strong. The Italians are still in that mood. In Paris, whenever a group of them are accepted for enlistment by their consul, they hire a taxicab and a girl, and decorate them with flags, and sail along the Boulevards yelling and arm-waving in that rather surprising extreme of glee. The instinct of belligerence is strong in all the European peoples. They love to fight. But France has had time to learn that this is not a fight, this killing industry, and her will to it is disillusioned.

I never saw a sadder thing than those troops of young new soldiers leaving the *caserne* opposite my window, starting off with some small plaudits and some tears from those that love them, each a flower in the muzzle of his gun—but O, so serious!

I saw them three miles out, too, the flowers fading then, or fallen, and *solemnly unwelcome business* written in the eyes of every soldier. That is what the war is, as I saw it, to all France.

And this disillusionment, this want of interest, is much more evident in England, although England has but one foot in the war. London is completely papered with unconvincing posters telling England's sons of the glories of military service. The dullest would answer: "You protest too much." These posters are most of them childish and what we call "obvious," as though they were contrived by an amateur advertising man trying to sell a poor product. "It is better to face bullets at the front than be blown up by a Zeppelin at home," seemed to me the most doubtful.

"Who dies if England lives?"

"Young men of Britain, the Germans said you were not in earnest—give them the lie!"

"Play the greater game—join the football battalion!"

"Women of Britain, say 'Go!' "

And then that little patriotic strip which reads:

"It is YOUR duty to enlist!"

It is pasted on the wind-shield of every taxicab in London, and behind it is to be found the huskiest, heartiest big piece of soldier-meat that ever escaped from an army!

"It is *your* duty to enlist!"

England is having a hard time. She will see conscription if the war lasts.

No doubt the German state is fighting in a relatively exalté condition, which infects the great number of her people. But I believe the excited and romantic *interest* of men in the fortunes of war, as it once existed, is little more active there than elsewhere.

When we used to kill a bull on the farm, it was a great thing. John would go and put the head on the sledge-hammer and get his coat off, and the bull would be led into the barn by the nose and tied two ways, and everybody was both sad and breathless.

(This is not a pleasant simile, but it is true.) When you go into the beef factories in Chicago and see them drive steers up into a narrow chute by the five thousand, and a man on a platform drops his hammer every so many seconds, and the steers roll out to be switched away, and shoved along, like mere material—why, the business of killing a bull loses every bit of drastic quality it had.

In Paris I found myself more interested in the relics of the Napoleonic Wars and the revolution, than I was in the daily reports of the final military climax of all European history, which was in suspension not a hundred miles away. And I am not an archeologist.

It seemed that either the French or Germans could break through the line anywhere for a gain of a mile or so, by massing enough men for the sacrifice, but that Germany could not afford it while she was attacking Russia, and the Allies thought it was not worth while. They could gain more by just

letting the armies steadily slaughter each other in equal quantities all along the line, because in the long run there are more Allies than there are Germans. Certainly nothing sportsmanlike in that! But what can you do? This war has no more sport in it than it has dramatic action. It is merely a routine businesslike killing and salting down of the younger men of each country involved—twenty thousand a day, perhaps, all told.

I am not doing justice to the submarines. I suppose that "potting" ocean liners from a submerged and highly delicate war canoe several hundred miles from home in hostile waters, is a way to spend one's leisure that might be called princely sport. And as for the fishing expeditions—I learn that 32,000 kinds of hook and bait have been suggested to the British Government, and I found the island literally breathing with rumors of what is happening to those "tin fish" about the shores of England. If the people who are on these expeditions love them as much as the people who stay at home and tell you

all about it, there could be no sadder victory than to deprive them of their sport. It is the only thing in all the war that England has a bit of her old gallant bellicose taste for.

But, again, I do injustice to the aeroplane. A man told me about standing in a German field where a gun on an automobile was trying to bring down a French aeroplane five miles away. The gun was firing shells, and you could see the little puff of white smoke where the shell would crack in the vicinity of that soaring bird. Sometimes the shell would miss it by two miles. The man who told me this was a neutral—one of those neutrals who favor the Allies. But he told me that his instinctive zeal to see that bird-of-prey winged in mid-air at that distance was so great that after the shooting was over he could hardly hold himself up. So there is another grand sport the world has found.

When the Zeppelins appear over Paris the entire fire department turns loose and

careers through the black streets, tooting horns and yelling to the people to dive for their cellars. And with one accord the people rush to the streets, and out into the open squares, where they can get a good view of the fun. It is always a black night, and startling searchlights play back and forth on the clouds, and heaven is bombarded with shrapnel from all the high domes of the city. It is their one great taste of adventurous war, and the Parisians love it. They call it "Taube Day." No wonder, for it flashes a little of the old color of risky and romantic life across a dull, long, weary labor of death.

There is little "risk" for the French soldier. He goes to the front expecting to be shot, and his family mourns him more or less, as soon as he is gone. There's always the hope, of course, that only a part of him will be shot off, and he will come back, and sit around, and *be there* for a little lifetime afterwards.

I went through the American Red Cross Hospital in Paris—a strict, clean, sunny,

up-to-date, but very terrible place—a place conducted (if a swift impression did not mislead me) by the transient or expatriated snobs of American society in Paris. I was informed by my gracious guide that all the young men who run automobiles for the hospital are gentlemen! And when I took that rather quietly, "You understand they are real *men,* young *men*—gentlemen!"

"And there is always a *lady* present in each room all day!"

The effort of a true American aristocrat to signify the United States peerage, although the language has no word that does not hold a vulgar reference to the real basis of caste, is always amusing. But here especially, because the peerage is actually doing work. And one must have a subtle grasp of history, or etiquette, to know that work which has to do with war, is honorific, and does not soil the hands of noblemen like useful labor.

You can see here in this hospital, with its afternoon teas for the elite, and its young

and elderly daughters of the first families of New York, patting the pallid cheeks of the French proletariat in humble solicitude —you can see a picture of what Veblen outlines in the preface of his "Theory of the Leisure Class." The old, old title to aristocracy, prowess in the pursuits of war, mingles here—somewhat pitifully, to be sure, and as a poor relation—with the proper title of our time, hereditary wealth. And many a bitter old French revolutionary lies there, moving only with his eyes perhaps, but adequately saying all that you would have him say to that new-found solicitude.

Such things are interesting, if you chance upon them. And the wounded, when they are picked out and separated from the daily pile, as here, and just the miracles of surviving life are shown to you, they too are all that war should be—a ghastly bludgeon shock of agony and human heroes laughing through their teeth, so that with horror at the gore and wonder at the soul of man, you want to fight or sing. I never saw that

soul of man before, and when I came away from there I wrote a poem.

AT THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL

To-day I saw a face—it was a beak,
That peered with pale round yellow vapid eyes
Above the bloody muck that had been lips
And teeth and chin. A plodding doctor poured
Some water through a rubber down a hole
He made in that black bag of horny blood.
The beak revived; it smiled—as chickens smile.
The doctor hopes he'll find the man a tongue
To brag with, and I hope he'll find it, too.

But that is not the war—that is an isolated instant, which had horror in it for my eyes, who came there. When you kill some fifteen thousand youths a day, and rip the limbs or faces off how many thousands more nobody counts, the individual mangled hero is no longer characteristic. The color runs. There are no longer heroes—there is just

the common fighting stuff of human nature, one continuous scrambled homogeneous jelly of that brave stuff. And that itself, when once it is apprehended and you have made yourself believe that you too are a part of it, is not profoundly stimulating.

There are deeper reasons why this war is dull. One is that, although it may have mighty consequences for the world, they have no connection with its causes or the conscious purposes of those who fight. A greater or a less degree of freedom and democracy for Europe, will doubtless be the result of a signal victory for the Allies or for Germany. But that is in a manner accidental, a by-product. It is not what the war is about.

I am not saying that anybody knows what it is about—that would be too interesting. "There is a thirty years' supply of causes of war on hand," as Kropotkin said some thirty years ago, and I suppose a dozen or two of these must have been at work. But whatever started it, and whatever may result,

this war is not a war of people struggling against a tyrant for their liberty. It is a war of national invasion and defense—nationalism, the most banal of stupid human idol-worships. And the fact that liberty is more or less at stake is adventitious. One has to be historical to see it. One has to know that Prussia's despotism was the iron heart of feudal things in Europe, that the German people, never having had their Bourgeois revolution, are peculiarly behind the march in political freedom, though they lead us in so much. Or one has to remind himself that there were, and are, at least four hundred thousand revolutionary socialists in Germany who opposed and still oppose their rulers' war; and that they form the nucleus of a future revolution, that will bring at least political liberty to the German people. And that revolution will come soon if their rulers fail in this foreign war, and late if they are too successful. That consideration makes us tense in awaiting the result, but it is not as though the war were being fought for that.

Another consideration stirred me too in France, when I found myself travelling one day in the same coach with a royalist. We take the republican form of government so entirely for granted over here, where we never had any other form established, that we have small realization of the peril of reckless little France, a republic there in the midst of royal Europe, with clericals and feudal reactionaries working in her own heart, ready to pounce the moment her representative political institutions prove their military weakness. A little while ago a caustic royalist wrote a book on "The French Republic Before Europe," in which he ridiculed the figure France has cut among the nations with her changing ministers and fickle foreign policies. He quoted and made more than much of a saying by Anatole France, "We have no foreign policy, and we never can have one." To this book the Socialist leader, Marcel Sembat, replied with another, entitled, "Faites un Roi si non Faites la Paix." *Establish peace or else es-*

tablish a king—granting as an argument for internationalism, the royalist contention that a French republic cannot conduct war and military diplomacy in Europe. The titles of those books give some suggestion of a state of things in France that we, her friends in another hemisphere, little appreciate. No one would say that royalty and the church will re-establish themselves if the republican army is defeated. But the fact that the army *is* republican, that Joffre is a rough-hearted democrat, that no anti-republican has a hand in this campaign, is the most vital fact of the war to the internal history of France. A brilliant record of her arms will set back the forces of feudal and clerical tyranny in France, as much as a victory of Prussian arms will set them forward in Germany.*

But that is not what the soldiers fight for; the passion of the war has none of that;

* At the present date this brilliant record is so fully achieved, that we can afford, I think, to dismiss this point from our consideration. It should be borne in mind that this article was written in the summer of 1915.

that is an aside, a foot-note—till its own day comes. This is a war of nationalism.

The only way for a citizen of the world to become deeply interested in such a war is to lay aside his judgment altogether and entertain wild and fearful prophecies, and see one side or the other as the center and the soul of all things divine and sure, and the other as barbarity unveiled. That I cannot do. I earnestly desire to see the Kaiser fail of victory, and especially of victory over France. I desire this for other reasons than those rather technical revolutionary ones I have mentioned. I know, for instance, that France has not only freedom but the arts of life more nearly won than any other country of Europe. Her culture is one of superior happiness, the habits of her people are more poetic, they realize more, live more, and with all that they are more spontaneously intelligent than the Germans. They are at home among ideas. An American correspondent expresses surprise at hearing a Frenchman in Paris say:

"I think the Germans are altogether right about the *Lusitania*. They do not put their case well, but their main position is unassailable. In the present state of sea war they must sink on sight a ship loaded with enemy munitions."

That did not surprise me at all, because it is quite the character of French people to abstract from their personal passions in making intellectual judgments. They have the rare gift of thinking with their minds. They feel with their hearts. And this is not the way of the Germans, as a glance at their great literature and philosophy, and their unlucky diplomacy reveals. If they knew how to use abstract ideas—which are the part of a discussion that is common to both parties—then they *would* "put their case well."

And as for England—I know that England, though on the whole a land of snobs and servants, holds more people who stand up alone and unmolested, thinking and saying what they wish to think and say, than any

other place on earth.* England has freedoms that France lacks. Her navalism is just as military as Germany's militarism, but its service is not compulsory. She has to pay her soldiers silver money. Yes—England has more of the liberty we love than Germany.

And Russia—somehow Russia seems to have a great many people like the French. I think a Russian Czar will always have a good deal to do at home. At least Russia has had her revolution, though it failed, and feudalism is less solid there, exactly because it is not linked fast with industrial and scientific and social reform progress of the highest kind, than it is in Germany. Russia is a vast quantity that, at the very worst, must appear in our calculations as unknown.

In all these points, then, I agree with those who desire that if either side shall be signally defeated, it may be the Central Empires.†

* For a mild corrective to these generalizations, I must refer the reader to my own essay, page 57, "On Characterizing Nations."

† When this article was written my understanding of nationalism, and my sense of the dangers of victory or defeat for either side, were not mature. In "The Anti-German Hate" (p. 1) I have expressed a more deliberated opinion upon all these topics.

And, finally, I agree that the German war party played a larger part among those thirty available causes of war than any other. I think the immediate opposition of four or five hundred thousand German Socialists proves it.* Anti-militarism was far stronger in France than it was in Germany *before* the war—but in France there is hardly an anti-military murmur since the war began, whereas Germany has had her insurrectionists to suppress from the very beginning. That is more significant to me than all the many-colored diplomatic papers put together. And thus I am in accord, to some degree at least, with those who decry "German militarism" as the arch-incendiary.†

But does that commit me to a monomania? Must I turn my deliberated opinions and wishes into an absolute fixation which allows *no judgments of degree?* That

* I derive these figures from the report of Frank Bohn, a German-American Socialist, who visited Germany in 1915, and talked with the leaders of all factions in the German party.

† I have pointed out in "The Anti-German Hate," page seven, that although Germany did seem to supply more of the *immediate* causation of the war, England seemed to supply more of the remote causation, which was equally indispensable and equally effective.

is what the mood of war-times invariably demands. That is what public opinion in this country, and its leaders, have almost unanimously done. They have made a choice between two absolutes. It has never occurred to them that they had anything else to do. But why should we have anything to do with absolutes—in war any more than in religion?

Because France is more advanced in liberty and realistic life than Germany, do we have to say that France *is* civilization and Germany is barbarism, and German victory would put out the light of naïve idealism forever? I imagine that the civilization of France would conquer that of Germany, whether she were defeated at arms or not, because of the greater degree of happiness and human fun there is in it.

Because the French behave among ideas as among friends, while the Germans are prone to fall into soulful attitudes about them—do we have to conclude that truth,

as well as liberty and life, are doomed if the Kaiser's army stays across the Rhine?

Because Anglo-Saxon bullheads have a way of insisting on their individual rights that is foreign to the majority of the bullheaded Germans, do we have to think that the whole world is going to submit to the yoke of metaphysical paternalism if this war goes against the Allies?

Because Germany's nationalism has barely reached the age of puberty, and the older nations have passed that a little—do we have to think that all the world will be compelled to worship "The Fatherland" if the Allies do not reach Berlin?

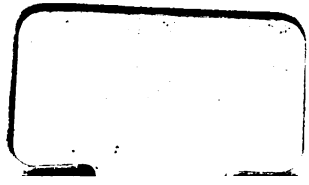
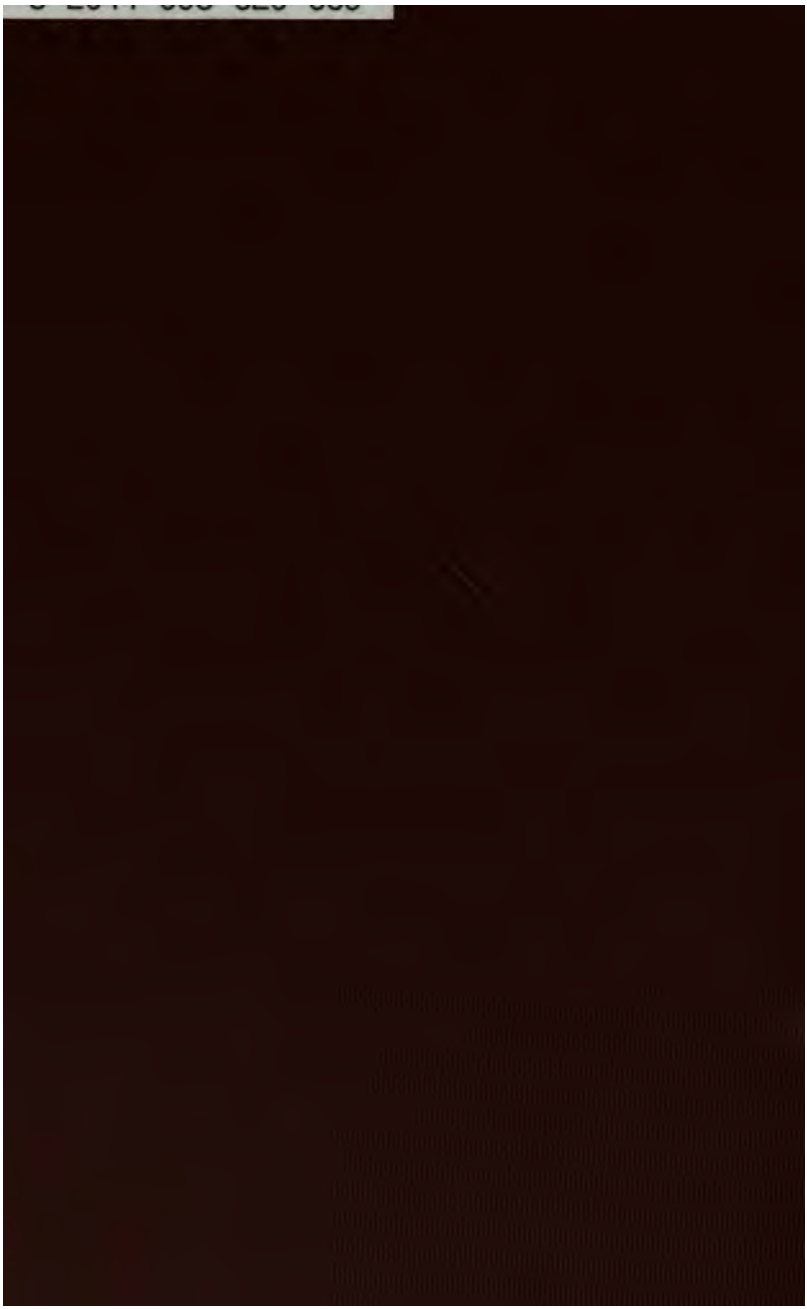
Because the Germans, being the invaders, were atrocious, do we have to blink the fact that every invader in all history has been atrocious, and the atrocities of certain German soldiers probably were no more numerous than ours would have been in like case?

And even if the facts convince us that the German princes, more than any other factor,

were the immediate perpetrators of the war, need we ignore all the other factors, and need we lose our memory that it was the last chance of those princes; that their power was already doomed by their own people; that if the Allies succeed in driving them to their borders, and preventing the indemnities they count on, the German princes will probably never perpetrate war again?

I think it must be a *desire* to become interested, or rather the inability to stay out of a fight, that leads so many intelligent Americans to renounce all quantitative estimates, all judgments of degree, and make an absolute, on one side or the other, of the issue in this war. It is the one way to remain enthusiastic about so stupid an affair.

And even that way, the task grows more difficult with every month that passes. For time, it seems, is not going to make an absolute of the issue between the Germans and the Allies. It grows ever more likely that the war will see no signal victories. My visit to Europe has made me doubt exceed-

ingly whether the plain folks of Russia and France and England have enough enthusiasm for this war to do much more than fight a draw with Germany. And, on the other hand, I do believe that England would surprise us all, and Germany not least, if she once got backed up upon her little island and began to fight. She would never quit. And that means that the Kaiser cannot win.

So viewing it in the profoundest way I could, I failed of passionate interest in the European War. There is more for me in Mexico or Bayonne, or any of these barbarous places where the people fight in battles, and for something I can want.